

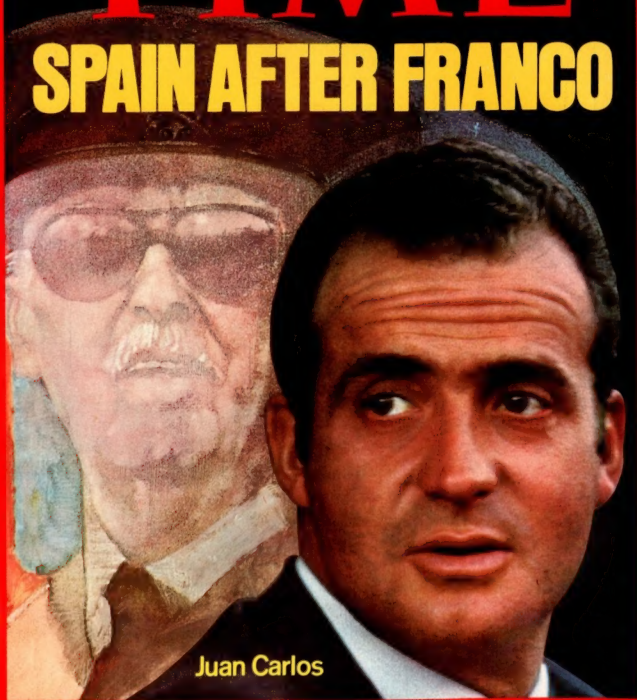
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TIME

SPAIN AFTER FRANCO



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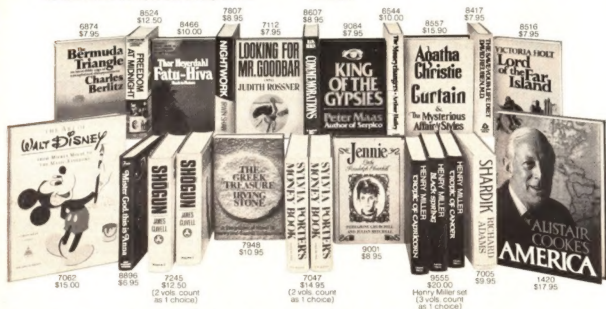
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Major stories can be elusive, deceptive, difficult to trace. So it seemed last week as **TIME**'s staff set to work examining the situation in Spain for our story in this issue. Early in the week Madrid Bureau Chief Gavin Scott alerted **TIME** editors in New York that Generalissimo Franco had suffered a mild heart attack during a Cabinet meeting. By the time government officials had reluctantly acknowledged Scott's report, he was already busy trying to penetrate the secrecy that enshrouds Franco. He later joined Photographer Eddie Adams for an exclusive photo session with the Generalissimo's hand-picked successor, Prince Juan Carlos. The Prince is no stranger to Scott, who, when he began his first tour in Spain in 1966, found that even then one of the major issues was the problem of succession.

The files from Madrid went to Associate Editor Burton Pines, a seven-year veteran of **TIME**'s news bureaus, who wrote the story in New York. Reporter-Researcher Sara Medina spent most of her week poring over histories, **TIME** files and clippings going back to pre-Civil War days. Meanwhile, Staff Writer Le Anne Schreiber prepared a profile of Heir Apparent Juan Carlos.

"It was a cover story that my subject never even read," smiled **TIME** Senior Writer Michael Demarest. His cover subject happened to be a young beauty. Still, Demarest's study of "The American Pet" (**TIME**, Dec. 23) earned him a Penney-Missouri Award this month from the University of Missouri School of Journalism. Demarest joins more than a score of others who have been recognized so far this year for work appearing in **TIME**. Among the most recent honors:

► A John Hancock Awards special citation to Associate Editor James Grant for his overview of world inflation, "Seeking Antidotes to a Global Plague" (April 8, 1974).

► The National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism Award for our cover story on alcoholism (April 22, 1974), assembled by Senior Editors Ruth Brine and Leon Jaroff, Associate Editor Gerald Clarke and Researcher Jean Bergerud.

► The Morris Gordon Award for Outstanding Achievement in Visual Communication to Picture Editor John Durniak.

► The South Carolina Education Association's special award for "distinguished service in the promotion of America's Bicentennial."

In addition, several of **TIME**'s 1975 covers have already been honored. *Art Directions* magazine singled out Jim Sharpe's painting of Chou En-lai (Feb. 3) and Richard Avedon's photograph of Cher (March 17). It also cited the editorial design of **TIME**'s special 1776 issue. Art Director David Merrill was honored by *The One Show*, published by the Art Directors Club, for his design of a 1974 cover on Middle East massacres (May 27, 1974).

Ralph P. Davidson

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America has only But you shouldn't feel

Before you begin to feel underprivileged, just consider that maybe one worldwide airline is all you need.

Especially if that worldwide airline has what Pan Am's been able to put together over the last 48 years.



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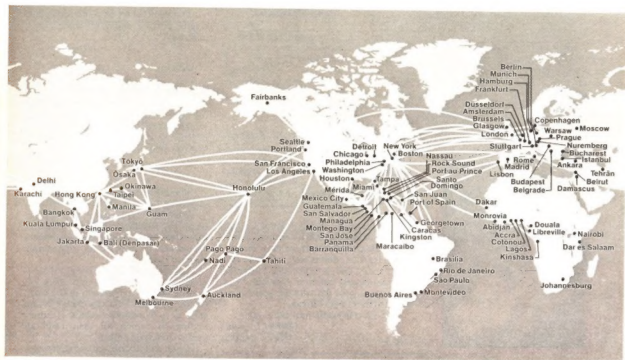
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A fleet of 747s that's the largest in the world.

A communications network that can confirm, reconfirm, change, confirm, reconfirm the itineraries of even the most fickle travelers.



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A capability that permits us to be, at the same time, the world's most far-flung scheduled airline and the world's largest charter airline.

A group of people, both here and abroad, who've made a profession out of helping Americans see the world.

It makes America, as far as airlines go, something like a land of plenty.



PAN AM

America's airline to the world.

The Craze of Meditation

To the Editors:

The great Phineas T. Barnum, master showman, has finally been unseated by the even greater Maharishi Mahesh Yogi [Oct. 13].

Elmer D. Hoag
Milford, Conn.

Rather than having a "genuine hunger for religious and mystical experience," I think the TMers, like the revolutionaries you recently featured, are middle-class kids who are having difficulty with the real world. Upon discovering in the '60s that the ghetto and the war would not be cleaned up at their

of spirituality only seems to contribute more to the general plastic atmosphere around us. Must our inner experiences be as shallow as our outer ones?

Fritz Seachrist
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Have any Transcendental Meditation teachers revealed any mantras? If so, can you tell me what they are?

Robert Brock
Los Angeles

Examples: Sherim, ima, inga.

A Good and Gentle Person

As a longtime friend of the family, I want to correct your statement about Miss Catherine Hearst, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hearst. She is a wonderfully good and gentle person. She is not—as charged by TIME—retarded.

A graduate of Marymount College in Los Angeles with a business major, Miss Hearst presently holds a responsible position. She is well informed and well read, and is especially interested in politics and the press. She feels there is a crying need for a greater sense of responsibility in both areas.

Your cruel gaffe proves her point.
Charles L. Gould
San Francisco



will, the TMers fled into "cosmic consciousness," and the revolutionaries threw temper tantrums.

William S. Greenfield, M.D.
Philadelphia

I would suggest that anything that can help even drug addicts and alcoholics, as TM does, is more than a craze and much more than one would have a right to expect from 40 minutes a day.

James Edmonds
Philadelphia

When Christians take 20 minutes twice a day to be still and say "Praise you, Jesus" or "Thank you, Lord," we have peace: "The peace of God which passes all understanding." Unfortunately, most of us are so busy busy busy and wonder where that peace went.

Lola Albright
Burbank, Calif.

It is so typical of our time and culture to see people groping for spirituality in such an "American" way. Pay your money as well as a minimal amount of time and thinking and— presto! Relaxation and maybe even a little semi-enlightenment. This McDonald's

Mysterious Jumpsuits

"Jumpsuits have become fashionable because they are functional." Poppycock! Whoever argues that reasoning must then explain why jumpsuits/overalls didn't become fashionable in 1974 or 1964 or 1944 or whenever. The "because" of fashion is as mysterious and manipulative as it has always been.

Durret Wagner
Evanston, Ill.

Your comments regarding the "new fashion" of jumpsuits was of particular interest to me because in the year when

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I was writing the screenplay of *National Velvet* (which makes it 1943), I admired the jumpsuit worn by my gas-station attendant. I talked the owner into giving me one of the jumpsuits.

I took it to the costume department of MGM and the result was two jumpsuits, one pink and one beige, which I still have.

Helen Deutsch
New York City

Did you ever try to take a long plane ride or go to a public toilet wearing a jumpsuit?

Ruth Feuerstein
Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Revolt Against Rape

I don't wear short skirts or revealing shirts, but I got raped almost five weeks ago early in the morning at my bedside by some stranger who broke in. Who do men think they are?

Judi Karlen
Berkeley, Calif.

I had almost gotten over my feelings of guilt for being a member of a "sick society" that "spawns and encourages" two attempts on the President's life in three weeks, when I find that I should also be indicted for rape simply because I am a man.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered that I am part of a conspiracy, involving half the population of the earth (many of whom I hardly know), to use rape as a "conscious process of intimidation by which all men keep all women in a state of fear."

I will not accept that specious reasoning. I refuse to be held responsible for the misguided acts of a few merely because we happen to be members of the same larger group.

Stephen P. Helzerman
Denver

Anyone who thinks that the victims are entirely without fault has never read Eric Berne's bestseller, *Games People Play*. In it he describes a game called Rape.

What it comes down to is a woman who seduces a man and then cries rape to prove her contention that all men are animals, beasts, sexual perverts, etc. As to whether a victim of rape "asked for it," my conclusion is that some don't but some do.

David A. Cain
West Newton, Mass.

The utter futility of gaining male sympathy for the plight of a raped woman was brought home to me forcefully a year ago when my one-legged sister was raped in her own kitchen by a supposed telephone repairman.

My poor sister, whose right leg is amputated at the thigh, was forced to submit at knife point, with her two-year-old daughter sleeping in the next room,

When she tried to resist, the rapist stabbed her in the stump of her leg and knocked out a front tooth. He ripped out the phone and took her crutches and broke them before he left. She had to crawl with her one leg down the corridor of her apartment house at least 50 ft. before she found a neighbor home to summon the police.

What do you think the first question was that the investigating officers asked? It was: "Are you sure you didn't lead him on in any way?"

The rapist was never apprehended.
(Mrs.) Ellen Moore
Cambridge, Mass.

Three cheers for Ms. Brownmiller! It's about time someone spoke out against those sick, sadistic savages. I agree completely: castrate the bastards!
Amie Dehner
Newington, Conn.

I still say if a woman don't want you to get there, you won't get there. I know; I have tried. All they have to do is keep moving.

You can knock them out, but what good is that?

C.T. Williams
Avon Park, Fla.

Miscarriages

In your interview with Journalist Oriana Fallaci [Oct. 20], I was shocked that she referred to me as a "dishonest woman journalist" because I once wrote that she had had three miscarriages. And I was even more shocked that TIME would print such a scurrilous remark.

Ms. Fallaci did tell me, when I interviewed her for the New York Times in January 1973, that she had had three miscarriages, and indeed, she asked me not to print that fact. I told her at the time that it was impossible because her miscarriages were public knowledge, as she had discussed them in an article about her in LIFE in 1969.

Judy Klemesrud
New York City

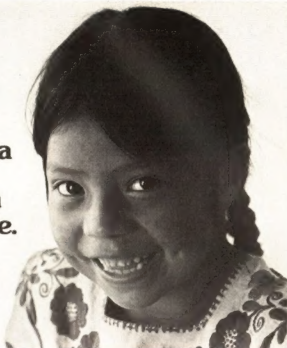
I will never understand why the American media are so interested in the number of my miscarriages. A private tragedy as the loss of a child should not be used as a sensation for the excitement of the readers. Doing so is an insult to me and to all women. But, since TIME seems so interested too, once and forever I must state that I never had three miscarriages. I never lost three children. I only lost one, which is more than enough to cry for the rest of a life. And that miscarriage inspired my book *Letter to a Child Never Born*.

Oriana Fallaci
New York City

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

TIME, NOVEMBER 3, 1975

Now Vicenta has a reason to smile.



Vicenta has big, black eyes and a mischievous smile. It's the kind of smile that makes you smile back. And now Vicenta has a special reason to smile.

She has a friend here in this country... a kind friend who sponsors her through the Christian Children's Fund.

You see, Vicenta's family is poor. They live in a small village in Central America, high in the mountains where the climate is cold.

Her father is a tailor. But he also peddles firewood and works long hours to try to provide for his wife and three children.

It's not an easy life. But because their family relationships are warm and close, Vicenta's parents want their children to have a better life. And an education is the key to Vicenta's future.

So they enrolled Vicenta in a CCF affiliated school in a city some 40 miles away from home and a sponsor was found for her to help make Vicenta's education a reality.

Vicenta's teachers report that she is "intelligent, most responsible and helps her classmates with their homework."

During the school year, Vicenta's family frequently visits their daughter, and when school is out for vacation, Vicenta returns home. Then she helps look after her little brother and sister and does chores for her mother.

With the help of her parents, teachers and a concerned sponsor here in this country, Vicenta has a chance to make a better life for herself.

But many other children must wait for someone to help them.

For only \$15 a month, you can sponsor

a child like Vicenta. You will receive the child's photograph, name and mailing address, as well as information about the project where he or she is helped.

You can get to know the youngest you sponsor by exchanging letters and cards. (Children unable to write are assisted by family members or staff workers.) You can experience the warm feeling that comes from helping a boy or girl who needs you.

Won't you help a little child through this person-to-person way of sharing?

Please write today... a child is waiting.

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia, Kenya and Thailand.

We are happy to send you our summary financial statement upon request.

Write today:

Dr. Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help.

I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____.

Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph. I can't sponsor a child now but I do want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7. **TS/AND**

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Riches in Resources

Violence, deprivation and political discord are so commonplace that good news often is scarcely noted. Last week there were two indications of the abiding strength of American society. The gross national product rose at an annual rate of 11.2% in July, August and September, the largest quarterly rise in two decades. This showed that the U.S. has not only rebounded from the long recession but is in the midst of a recovery. And the U.S. and the Soviet Union signed a five-year pact that virtually assures the annual sale of \$1 billion worth of grain to the Russians (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*). America remains a cornucopia, and the Soviets need its produce.

The grain deal is a reminder that in a resource-hungry world, the U.S. occupies an enviable position. It is one of only a few nations that possess all the necessary ingredients for long-term economic power: a rich agricultural base, a vast supply of raw materials, big and modern industry, and a well-educated, skilled population. Though the nation's largest city totters on the edge of ruin, those parts of the U.S. that produce its most basic resources are doing fine. Texas, perched atop a sea of oil, weathered the recession practically unbruised. A new prosperity exists—and promises to grow—in the regions that supply fuel and food. In West Virginia, old homes are being painted and repaired. All across the prairies, orders for new grain bins and drying plants are fast building up.

An old Virginian best summed up the opportunities: "If I were a young man and wanted to have a good life and a prosperous life, I would go to a coal region or out to the farm lands. The world needs what both places have got."

Spare Not the Rod

In its way, it was quite wonderful that such a relatively minor problem as children being spanked in public school should come before the U.S. Supreme Court (after all, in many schools today, the problem is not one of teachers assaulting children, but vice versa). The venerable practice, whose beneficial effect hardly anyone ever doubted until a couple of generations ago, was solemnly examined by the Justices. They permitted it to live on—with a few softening touches. The Justices upheld a three-man federal court in the case of Russell Baker of Gibsonville, N.C. Two years

ago, as a sixth-grader, he was paddled with a wooden drawer divider for playing with a ball in a proscribed part of the schoolyard. His mother went to court to challenge the North Carolina law that permits teachers to inflict corporal punishment of a "reasonable" nature.

Mrs. Baker lost her case. The high court affirmed that states have a legitimate interest in orderly public school classrooms and may allow spanking to keep them that way. But the decision also ensures that spitball-flingers and bubble-blowers will receive the due process of law, just as somewhat more dangerous offenders do. Only in cases of extraordinarily disruptive behavior may a teacher smack a child on the spot. Normally teachers must give prior warning that a specific offense could be grounds for a paddling, a second school official must be called in to watch the whacking, and parents must get a written explanation of the incident if they want one.

The notion of a teacher curbing his or her anger long enough to go through this whole rigmarole before letting fly is both absurd and touching in its respect for due process. At any rate, the decision (to the extent that anyone will pay attention to it) may have healthy results.

In cities where corporal punishment is already outlawed, the rod will stay spared. But in places where it is allowed, inveterate misbehavers will still get theirs in the end—along with a fairer shake of the hickory stick.

Ion the Speedometer

"Eight miles over the speed limit," declared the police officer, but Paul VanderMaat was incredulous. No matter what the radar said, he had been driving no faster than 25 m.p.h. in Los Alamos, N. Mex. Home he went to consult some books, and a few weeks later he explained to Judge Raymond E. Hunter that he had been nabbed about ten minutes before a thunderstorm, just when the oncoming electricity creates ionized particles in the air that can throw radar out of kilter. Case dismissed.

Hunter is only a part-time judge and, like VanderMaat, a theoretical physicist at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory. Explained the judge: "Only in Los Alamos could a defendant use a principle of advanced physics in his defense and have a judge understand."

Maybe so, but VanderMaat notes that under the same weather conditions, the same radar foul-up could happen anywhere—and that it could be grounds for an accused speeder's defense.



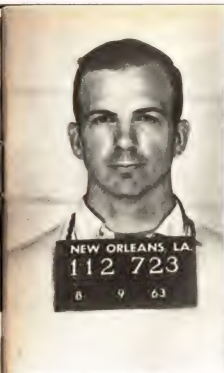
J. EDGAR HOOVER



WILLIAM SULLIVAN



JOHN MOHR



MUG SHOT OF LEE HARVEY OSWALD



PASSING OUT PRO-CASTRO LEAFLETS IN NEW ORLEANS; INSET: ONE OF THE LEAFLETS

INVESTIGATIONS

FBI: Shaken by a Cover-Up That Failed

The FBI is being badly shaken by the revelation that its former leaders withheld evidence from the Warren Commission during the investigation of the assassination of President Kennedy. At issue is a threatening note that Assassin Lee Harvey Oswald delivered to the FBI's Dallas office about ten days before Kennedy was killed on Nov. 22, 1963. Even though the note did not mention the President, FBI officials wanted to conceal the embarrassing fact that they had ignored the threat, so they both destroyed the note and tried to make certain that the commission never found out that it had existed (TIME, Sept. 15). The cover-up was a clear case of bureaucratic self-protection. Nonetheless, it has fanned speculation—mostly wild—that all the facts of the Kennedy assassination have not yet been told.

Castro Leaflets. Last week a House subcommittee led by California Democrat Don Edwards, a former FBI agent, held its first public hearing on the FBI's mishandling of the Oswald note but cleared up none of its members' suspicions. They wanted to know why the FBI had not only failed to put Oswald under surveillance but destroyed the note about two hours after Nightclub Owner Jack Ruby shot and killed Oswald.

Oswald had been known to the FBI as a former defector to Russia who still backed Communist causes. The previous August, he had been arrested in New

Orleans for disturbing the peace in connection with a scuffle that broke out while he was distributing leaflets at a demonstration in support of Cuban Dictator Fidel Castro. Indeed, the FBI harbored unsubstantiated suspicions that Oswald might be a Soviet agent and had assigned Agent James P. Hosty Jr. to keep watch on Oswald's Russian-born wife Marina. Oswald's note warned Hosty to stay away from Marina, whom he had interviewed a few days earlier.

At last week's hearing and in later interviews with reporters, FBI Deputy Associate Director James Adams reported that there were conflicting versions of what was in the note. The receptionist who took it from Oswald said that he had written: "Let this be a warning. I will blow up the FBI and the Dallas police department if you don't stop bothering my wife." But Hosty recalled that the warning was much milder: "If you have anything you want to learn about me, come talk to me directly. If you don't cease bothering my wife, I will take appropriate action and report this to proper authorities."

The bureau still has not determined who was responsible for destroying the note and ordering the cover-up. Adams said that the bureau's three-month internal investigation has bogged down in a tangle of conflicting accounts from about 80 witnesses, who were questioned under oath by FBI inspectors. He added that they were told by Hosty that he

had been ordered to destroy the note by Dallas FBI Chief J. Gordon Shanklin, who recently retired from the bureau. According to Adams, Shanklin denies knowing anything about the note.

Some of the conflicts seem to be an intentional smokescreen. The controversy focuses on three people:

► J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI's director from 1924 until his death in 1972.

► John P. Mohr, who as the FBI's administrative chief was one of Hoover's most powerful lieutenants until he retired in 1972.

► William C. Sullivan, who headed the FBI's domestic-intelligence division at the time of the assassination, became the bureau's No. 3 official in 1970, but was forced to retire a year later because of a falling-out with Hoover.

In an interview with TIME last week, Sullivan said that at least ten top officials at FBI headquarters in Washington knew about the note. Both current and former FBI agents have reported that it was shredded or burned in Dallas on orders from Mohr. It is not known, and may never be, whether Hoover directed that the note be destroyed. But Sullivan said that on Hoover's orders, information that might have revealed the note had even existed was withheld from the Warren Commission because it would embarrass the bureau.

Sullivan also gave TIME a written statement that he made for FBI investigators last Sept. 16 about Oswald's

THE NATION

note. The statement recounted that after the assassination, Sullivan was in charge of finding out whether Oswald had been working for a foreign government. During his investigation, Sullivan said, Shanklin mentioned that an FBI agent had received a threatening message from Oswald before Kennedy was killed. Said Sullivan: "I raised a question as to the details, but Shanklin seemed disinclined to discuss it other than to say that he was handling it as a personnel problem with John P. Mohr."

On another occasion, Shanklin told Sullivan that "Hoover was furious" at Agent Hosty and wanted to give him a disciplinary transfer to Kansas City with a cut in pay because of his handling of the Oswald probe. Said Sullivan: "Shanklin did not mention that any message had been destroyed. He did say that Hoover did not want Hosty given his disciplinary transfer until after Hosty had testified before the Warren Commission... for fear that members of the Warren Commission might find out about it and make inquiries."

Poker Parties. In his statement, Sullivan indicated that more than the Oswald note might have been lost. "I did hear that some documents had been destroyed relating to Oswald and that some others were missing, the nature of which, if I was told, I do not recall."

Mohr has denied in a sworn statement to FBI investigators that he knew about the note or that he told anyone to get rid of it. Even so, by naming Mohr, Sullivan's statement touched on an extremely sensitive point: the fact that many high FBI officials who conducted

the investigation of the note are all former aides and still friends of Mohr's.

Sullivan told TIME that the current FBI director, Clarence Kelley, is surrounded by these Mohr men. Among them, Sullivan said, are James Adams, Assistant Director Harold Bassett, Associate Director Nicholas Callahan, Inspector John Dunphy, Deputy Associate Director Thomas Jenkins and Assistant Director Eugene W. Walsh. Voicing complaints made privately by many agents, Sullivan declared that the six officials are "still [Mohr's] men and in decisive matters are still under Mohr's rigid discipline and not Kelley's." Kelley strongly denied Sullivan's complaint.

One measure of Mohr's influence is the impressive attendance at the all-night poker parties that he gives at the Blue Ridge Club in the Shenandoah Valley near Harper's Ferry, W. Va. In the course of a separate civil suit unrelated to the probe of the Oswald note, Mohr last summer was forced to divulge a list of 39 people who attended some of the games last Nov. 29-30, April 4-5 and June 13-14. The roster included eleven former FBI officials and at least a dozen present officials, including Adams, Callahan, Dunphy and Jenkins.

Another guest was Joseph Tait, owner of a Washington firm, U.S. Recording Co., which quietly supplies wiretapping and bugging devices to the FBI and the CIA. In addition, Mohr's list contained the names of several past and present CIA employees, including James Angleton, the agency's former counterintelligence chief, who retired under pressure last year because of charges

that he directed some of the CIA's illegal domestic spying. The poker games were an important status symbol within the bureau. Said one FBI agent: "It means that the clique has accepted you."

No Records. In addition to the Oswald note, there are more ominous suspicions about links between him and the FBI that are being explored by a Senate subcommittee headed by Pennsylvania Republican Richard Schweiker and Colorado Democrat Gary Hart. Schweiker even suspects that Oswald might have had a formal connection with the bureau. The Senator's suspicions rest in part on the linguistic ruse Hoover used when asked by the Warren Commission about the bureau's links to Oswald. The director declared that "no FBI records could be found" of any connection; the careful wording has persuaded Schweiker that Hoover was hiding something. Further, the Senator believes Hoover may have been lying when he told the commission that the FBI had rejected Oswald's offer to work as an informer in 1962 and 1963. Asks Schweiker: "Why would the FBI reject a man who had lived in Russia and had connections with pro-Castro Cubans?"

Schweiker and Hart are considering holding public hearings on the FBI and Oswald. For the time being, the Senators intend to conduct their probe privately. But in the unlikely event that the subcommittee turns up solid evidence that discredits the Warren Commission's conclusion that Oswald acted alone, the two Senators will propose that Congress reopen the entire investigation into the assassination of John Kennedy.

Peeking into the Mail

Looking fit but jowly, former Attorney General John Mitchell returned last week to the marble-walled Senate hearing room where he had been a star witness before the Watergate committee. This time Mitchell came to discuss another kind of conspiracy—the FBI and CIA history of illegally opening and photographing the mail of American citizens.

The problem for the Senate Intelligence Committee was that former CIA Director Richard Helms had testified earlier that, in June of 1971, he told then Attorney General Mitchell of the mail operation and Mitchell raised no objections. But Mitchell denied knowledge of the mail openings, claiming that Helms had mentioned only the CIA practice of photographing unopened pieces of mail, which is legal.

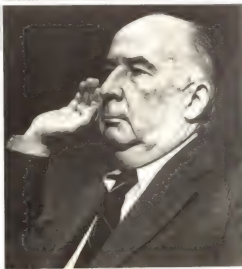
The mail openings persisted from 1953 until 1973. In all, the outsiders of 2,705,726 pieces of mail were legally photographed. But the CIA also opened up and photographed another 215,000 pieces of mail.

FBI officials revealed to the committee that they had their

own mail surveillance. The agency began in 1940 to inspect (but not open) the letters and packages of those Americans who, in its opinion, "might be willing to sell information to a foreign power." Eventually the FBI set up mail-inspection operations in eight cities, and its targets came to include antiwar demonstrators as well as people mailing pornography. Even though former FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover stopped the program in 1966, the FBI continued to receive information that the CIA had gathered in its mail openings.

Meantime, a House subcommittee looking into the secret Government monitoring of international cables and phone calls was told by its investigators that for years agents of either the FBI or the National Security Agency had visited the Washington offices of RCA Global Communications Inc. at 3 a.m. each day to photograph the cables that interested them. Similarly, the investigators said, FBI agents went to ITT World Communications Inc. in Washington every day and collected copies of all cables going to and coming from a selected list of countries. The practices apparently were continued until last spring, when the pressure of congressional investigations brought them to a halt.

MITCHELL TAKING OATH BEFORE TESTIFYING



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"tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

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THE ADMINISTRATION

Stamping on Food Stamps

Sedrick A. Tydus, 23, a Stanford University student, pays most of his living and educational expenses with money from a fellowship and student loans. Yet by collecting federal food stamps, Tydus is able to treat himself to movies, weekend trips and an occasional night on the town. Though the stamps help, Tydus concedes that without them, "I wouldn't be on the bread line."

Dianne Taylor, 27, an assistant in a Palo Alto free medical clinic, earns \$6,000 a year. As a single parent with a young daughter, she can buy \$90 worth of food stamps for \$70. Thanks to them, she can shop for a few little luxuries, "such as cookies."

The federal food-stamp program, first created in 1962 as a modest \$14 million experiment to help low-income

families buy a "nutritionally adequate diet," has been a lifesaver for millions of destitute Americans. But it has also helped the not so destitute. In recent years the program has grown to astonishing size, in part because its slack eligibility requirements enable even moderately well-off people to qualify and make policing difficult. The system now subsidizes 19 million people, one out of every eleven Americans. Working families receiving stamps outnumber welfare households 55% to 45%. Conservatives, with Treasury Secretary William Simon in the fore, have attacked the system as a welfare ripoff. Even liberals are disturbed by the rush to food stamps by college students and workers on strike.

Last week, with pressure for reform

growing in Congress, the Ford Administration proposed sweeping changes. By eliminating food stamps for 3.4 million people and drastically reducing benefits for another 5.3 million, the Administration would cut the \$6 billion program by \$1.2 billion a year. The key proposals are:

1) Eligibility would be tied to clear-



ly defined income levels. A family of four would qualify for stamps only if its annual net earnings did not exceed \$6,550, after maximum deductions of \$1,500. At present, families with incomes higher than \$10,000 are allowed myriad deduc-

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Help Wanted: Manager

Jerry Ford has never met a payroll. It would be one of the ironies of our time if the President was undone at the polls and one cause of his fall was that gallant cliché from the conservative past, a past he has evoked in his battle against Big Government.

But it is apparent that there is a growing gap between what Ford talks about and what comes out on the bottom line of the ledger. His own White House staff, for instance, is still bloated with 550 people, 10% or 20% above some estimates of what is needed.

One cannot gauge a President by the normal standards of executive performance, those generally associated with business management. Yet the purely managerial and organizational requirements of the presidency have grown more than almost any of the other responsibilities, and they have been given less attention than they should have. Since Eisenhower, we have put men in office with almost no experience in running a shop. In Ford's time, this management problem, which basically involves money and how efficiently it is spent, could become so acute as to devastate his re-election chances.

Harvard's President Derek Bok urges the "education of a new profession" for public service, with "more sophisticated skills in policy analysis and administration." Bok suggests that we are approaching "the threshold of a new era of scarcity and restraint in which the deficiencies of Government cannot be papered over by constantly rising levels of prosperity."

What are the executive requirements that will produce results, even in the complex environment of the presidency?

An old hand like James

Rowe, who was once an F.D.R. aide, is more convinced than ever that among politicians, Governors are best prepared because they are most closely measured by results. The other men in Government who impressed Rowe over the years were the international bankers, though none became President. Each day they had to acknowledge their mistakes and correct them—or they went broke.

Clark Clifford, when he was Truman's aide, was always impressed by how hard Truman worked, how he immersed himself in the detail of legislation and administration. Truman knew how his Government worked or did not work, not unlike the days when he managed Jackson County, Mo.

Some of the professors at the Harvard School of Business believe that Ford would help himself if he followed basic rules for modern corporate executives. To operate any major enterprise there needs to be purpose. From that must flow a strategy for results (Ford has waited for problems, then reacted). There must be shared goals within the organization (Ford has repeatedly attacked the bureaucracy over which he presides and which he needs to carry out his orders). Effective systems of information are vital (there are almost no reliable assessments of how some of the huge Government programs are working).

Wise men of both parties agree that the management problem is critical. Congress, of course, figures big in it, passing programs for the President to administer, refusing to change them or kill them when they falter. Still, there is room for presidential action in almost every area of administration. Ford has the power to cut personnel in the major departments, and he promised to pare those agencies.

Yet, in his time in office, ten out of the eleven departments have grown larger. A lot of successful administrators could tell him that if he means business about conquering Big Government, he will have to come out from behind the microphone and grapple with the problem himself.



"To my mind, the secret of executive performance is the ability to delegate authority. For instance, nothing ever reaches this desk."

THE NATION

tions to get their incomes down low enough to qualify.

2) To get stamps, a family (or single person) would have to pay a uniform 30% of their net income minus a flat \$100 monthly deduction. Example: a family with a monthly net income of \$300 would take the deduction, leaving it with \$200; of this, it would have to spend 30%—or \$60 a month—on food stamps. At present, most recipients pay between 16% to 24% of their incomes for stamps on the basis of a complicated formula that allows deductions for family size and a wide range of expenses.

3) Income would be calculated on average earnings for the 90 days preceding the application for stamps. Currently, a family's estimate of earnings in the forthcoming month is what counts. The new requirement would mean that most workers losing their jobs would have to wait three months to apply for food coupons; now they can sign up immediately.

4) Student recipients would have to prove their parents are not claiming them as dependents on income tax returns. Striking workers would have to provide proof they have sought jobs.

Ford's plan is unlikely to pass Congress in its present form. Democrats led by Senator George McGovern immediately rejected the income limitations as too low. Critics also contend that the President's proposal would not only cut off the cheats but many needy low-income families as well. Yet there is a groundswell of support for some less stringent reform. Even Democrats commend the Administration's shrewdness in tackling the obviously flawed food-coupon system. Says Senate Democratic Whip Robert Byrd of West Virginia, "The food program is running wild. It's got to stop somewhere." Any revision in the system, however, will probably not reach the President's desk before early next year.

REPUBLICAN CHALLENGER CARMICHAEL



MISSISSIPPI

New Breezes Blowing On the Old Magnolia

Mississippi is the Magnolia State, but by many measures it is a faded flower. Its archaic constitution prohibits dueling and admonishes the Governor to sneak into the treasurer's office at night to count all the state's money. Its youngsters are not required by law to attend school. Its people have the lowest per capita annual income in the nation (\$3,803). Its dominant Democratic Party has grown sluggish after 100 years of unbroken rule. But as it approaches a gubernatorial election on Nov. 4, some new breezes are blowing on the old magnolia. Two sometime mavericks are locked in a close race, and for the first time in memory the Democrat is no shoo-in. TIME Correspondent Jack White reports:

The two candidates, Democrat Cliff Finch and Republican Gil Carmichael, are relative newcomers who rose by challenging the power of Senator James O. Eastland, the state's most potent pol. Lawyer Finch, a former state legislator from Batesville, a sleepy farm town, won the Democratic nomination by upsetting Eastland's candidate, Lieutenant Governor William Winter, with a record 58% of the vote in the August primary runoff; it was the first time that Eastland had backed a loser.

Black Vote. Carmichael, a wealthy Volkswagen dealer from the lively business center of Meridian, gained attention by winning an unprecedented 39% of the vote in the 1972 race for Eastland's Senate seat. In that campaign Carmichael was snubbed by Richard Nixon, who sent Spiro Agnew to appear with Eastland during visits to Mississippi. The cold shoulders helped Carmichael's reputation as an "independent Republican," a useful image in a state where less than 10% of the 1.1 million voters think of themselves as belonging to the G.O.P.

The two candidates have little in common beyond their age—both are 48—and their eager wooing of the black vote, which could be a key to victory. In a state where segregation was once firmly rooted and blacks were excluded from politics and the polls, neither candidate has uttered a word that could be construed as racist. On the contrary, both are proudly proclaiming the endorsements they have received from black political leaders in Mississippi.

Finch, who last year earned \$150,000, has run a populist-tinged "working-man's campaign" that puts a premium on sincerity and handshaking. Since spring he has spent one day a week working at such jobs as stamping prices on groceries and driving bulldozers. Says he: "When I sit down and open up my lunch box with that man or that woman who has been working side by side



FINCH MARKING GROCERIES

Quick rise for newcomers.

with me, sweating just like me, they know that I am sincere."

Yet the vagueness of Finch's proposals for attracting industry to Mississippi by showing it off to "the 25 top executives" has given some of his supporters second thoughts. "He doesn't seem to have a definite program you can judge," complains Patt Derian, a leader of the Mississippi Democrats' liberal wing. Moreover, Finch has turned off much of the state's conservative press by refusing to hold press conferences and declining to appear on TV panels unless certain "obnoxious" reporters are kept off.

Carmichael has been more specific. In his TV spots, he stresses streamlining Mississippi's bafflingly complicated government, requiring all students to stay in school until the eighth grade, and redrafting the 85-year-old state constitution. At times Carmichael's "issues campaign," which has great appeal among college students and businessmen, has backfired. After the recent attempts to assassinate President Ford, he declared, "It is time we start licensing handguns."

When gun enthusiasts howled in protest, Carmichael explained: "What I actually want to do is legalize the handgun in Mississippi" by issuing permits to allow "law-abiding citizens" to carry concealed weapons.

Attracting Youth. As of last week, Finch enjoyed a sizable but diminishing lead. Republican strategists claim that in the three weeks since Finch accepted Eastland's endorsement, his firm support has held steady at about 30%, while Carmichael's has risen from 15% to 27%; the rest of the voters are said to be undecided. But even if he loses, Carmichael may well help Mississippi Republicans. By running strongly, says his press aide, Bill Crawford, "Carmichael will draw a lot of young people—and more attractive candidates—to the Mississippi Republicans."



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 **ALCOA**

POLITICS

Country Ham and Hard Ball

This is the fourth in a series examining the candidates for the presidency.

People aren't sure whether he belongs to Washington or Indiana," says an Indiana Democrat about Senator Birch Evans Bayh Jr., 47. The Senator would just as soon keep them guessing. Last week as he became the ninth Democrat to announce for the presidency, he knew he would need the support of both worlds—Middle America and the coastal liberals—to win the nomination. His aim is to live a double life as long as possible. As a onetime dirt farmer who has become the author of three constitutional amendments, he offers a political style that is both country ham and hard ball—take your pick. In Washington he appears to be the tough, ambitious sophisticate; on the stump in Indiana, he turns into a country boy.

Just Me. His long-anticipated announcement was pure Bayh: a mixture of hokum and humility. Followed by two busloads of staff and press, he traveled around Indiana. The first stop was the family farm in Shirkevillie (pop. 40). As he gazed over his 340 acres, Bayh brooded: "I think it's fair to say that I have really felt closer to my God right out here in these fields, doing the kinds of things most of us enjoy doing." He even confessed that he did not have a "burning desire" to be President. The next stop, at Indianapolis, brought a change of mood and a definite kindling of desire. Thundered Bayh "I am running for the presidency to provide the kind of leadership that will stop telling Americans what we can't do, start telling us what we

can do and show the way to get it done."

Mesmerized by the spirited campaigner with his crooked smile and dimpled chin, people sometimes forget what Bayh has said or that he has not said much of anything. He often ends his campaign speeches with the following:

When John Kennedy was [long pause, eyes lowered] taken from us, Norman Mailer wrote something that I have never forgotten and that went something like this [voice hushed]: "For a while the country was ours. [Pause.] Now they've taken it away from us." [Long pause, voice very low.] With your help, I want to take it back again.

Bayh is not embarrassed by his banalities. As he told *TIME* Correspondent Stanley Cloud last week, "That's just me. I can't help it." When he appeared at a recent candidates' forum in Minneapolis, a woman complained,

"He reminds me of Johnny Carson discussing the issues." But Bayh gives his all to everyone he meets. Nobody high or low, friendly or hostile, is spared some gesture of affection—a slap on the back maybe, a poke in the ribs, a jab to the shoulder—as if Bayh were still a Golden Gloves light-heavyweight boxing champion. "If he does that once again," Robert Kennedy is reported to have grumbled, "I'll punch him in the nose." But most people like the Bayh touch.

Rarely does he let people forget where his roots are. Born in Terre Haute, he spent part of his childhood in Washington, D.C., where his father was a director of physical education in the school system. At 12, when his mother died and

his father went overseas in World War II, Bayh and his sister Mary Alice moved to their grandparents' farm in Shirkevillie. In high school Bayh became a champion 4-H Club tomato grower and decided to study agriculture at Purdue. After two years in the Army, he returned to graduate in 1951. Then he settled down on the farm and married Marvella Hern, a winsome and whip-smart blonde who had defeated him in the national finals of a Farm Bureau debate. They have one son.

At Marvella's urging, Bayh ran for the state house of representatives and won. While serving, he earned a law degree from Indiana University. At 30 he became speaker of the house. In 1962 at age 34, he challenged Republican Senator Homer Capehart. The incumbent was not expected to have much trouble defeating Bayh, whose name many people did not even know how to pronounce (it is buy). He soon set them straight with a radio and TV jingle: "They took him over. He's your kind of guy." His first name is Birch. His last name is Bayh. "With the strong support of the United Auto Workers, Bayh narrowly won by 11,000 votes. He still plays on the name; one of his campaign buttons says: I'm BAYH Partisan."

Legislative Skills. In the Senate he built up an impressive record of liberalism, a leaning that he sometimes tries to camouflage for the more conservative folks back home. He drafted the Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention Act, which provides federal funds to rehabilitate young offenders. He supported civil rights legislation, health and welfare measures and a gun-control bill, which was unpopular in Indiana.

On economics, he has followed the standard liberal Democratic policies of pump priming and full employment. He has recently introduced a bill calling for a breakup of big oil companies (see *ECONOMY AND BUSINESS*). Bayh favors some kind of federal aid for New York City. "If you let New York go down the drain," he said in a speech in Ohio, "it's going to be tough on Youngstown. It's going to be tough on Terre Haute. It's going to be tough on Peoria."

Bayh's legislative skills were demonstrated by his work as chairman of the Constitutional Amendments subcommittee. He was principal author of the 25th Amendment, which provides for an orderly succession if the President is disabled or removed. Gerald Ford and Nelson Rockefeller took office under its provisions. Bayh participated in drafting the 26th Amendment, which lowered the voting age to 18. He was prominent in drawing up the 27th Equal Rights Amendment, which bars inequality of treatment on the basis of sex. The amendment has been ratified by 34 of the required 38 states.

Bayh is well known for leading the fight in the Senate to stop two of Richard Nixon's nominations to the U.S. Supreme Court: Clement Haynsworth



BIRCH BAYH WITH WIFE MARVELLA ANNOUNCING CANDIDACY AT FAMILY FARM IN INDIANA



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^aQuoted from a recent address to the U.S. Senate by Senator Philip A. Hart.

THE NATION

and G. Harold Carswell. The Senator expertly demolished the able Hayns-worth by tying him to a conflict-of-interest charge. Said a Bayh opponent: "He made us sick with his 'Aw shucks, this just kills me to say these things about a fine gentleman and sincere judge, and I'm sure he didn't do anything crooked, but golly gee.'" After that, picking off Carswell, a lackluster judge with a segregationist past, was like a turkey shoot.

Bayh has not had an easy time winning re-election in Indiana. In 1968 he defeated Republican Congressman William Ruckelshaus by only 72,000 votes (out of 2 million). Last year he turned back Indianapolis Mayor Richard Lugar by 75,000 votes. He was preparing to run for President in 1971 when Marvella was stricken by breast cancer; Bayh dropped out of the race to devote

more time to her. Three years after her mastectomy, she appears to have fully recovered and works as a Bicentennial reporter for WRC-TV in Washington.

Biggest Boost. Bayh claims to have raised enough money to qualify for federal matching funds. Recently he opened headquarters in New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire and won endorsements from many politicians in those states. He has started a delegate drive in Iowa, a non-primary state, where he is considered a threat to the front runner, Jimmy Carter. Bayh's biggest boost will come from labor. AFL-CIO President George Meany has encouraged him to make the race. He is a favorite of the United Auto Workers.

With his labor backing, Bayh could outdistance his liberal rivals, Carter, Morris Udall and Fred Harris. A key date is Dec. 6, when the New Demo-

cratic Coalition, the liberal-left wing of the New York Democratic Party, endorses a candidate. The following day, a nonpartisan convention of liberal-minded people takes place in Massachusetts. Strong showings could build momentum for Bayh as he enters the New Hampshire primary in February and the Massachusetts primary in March.

Next May 4 comes a big question mark for Bayh: the Indiana primary. Humphrey defeated George Wallace in the 1972 contest, but the Alabamian rolled up 41% of the vote. He is considered by many to be at least as strong today. If Bayh does not top Wallace, he will be in deep trouble. But if he wins big, he will look like the kind of candidate who can tame the Republicans. In the end, it may all boil down to whether the home folks think their man belongs to Indiana or to the nation

Coming On Like a Cocktail Cowboy

The arrival of Gerald Ford at a weekend party for journalists in Washington set off more than the usual hubbub. The President, with a bravely smiling Betty Ford at his side, was all tricked out like a cocktail cowboy in a snazzy Western-style shirt suit of blue-gray flannel decorated with white saddle stitching. For some guests, Jerry Ford's new garb, a gift from friends, brought to mind his past uncertain flights of fashion. Greeting Japan's Emperor Hirohito last year on a grand tour of Asia, for example, the Pres-

WHITE HOUSE TAILOR ROSENTHAL



FASHIONS FOR VAIL & WASHINGTON

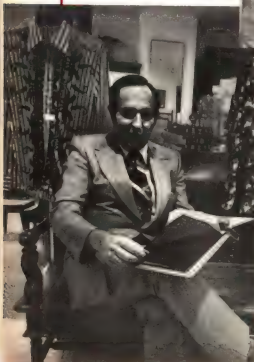
ident was dressed in a cutaway—with his striped pants hiked several inches above his shoes and his socks showing.

The President's sartorial image has troubled his second-generation White House tailor, Harvey Rosenthal (whose father suited up Dwight Eisenhower). He is working, diplomatically but determinedly, to give Ford "a more presidential look." Rosenthal thinks that Ford, with his trim 6-ft. 1-in. frame and 37-in. waist, is a tailor's dream. But, in Rosenthal's view, the President's Middle American mod choice in clothes has been a bit too flashy for the White House. So next week, when Rosenthal is ushered into the Oval Office with a portfolio of materials from which the President will choose his winter wardrobe, there will be none of the plaids, brightly striped shirts and rainbow-hued



IN WESTERN-STYLE SUIT, WITH BETTY

ties that Ford favors. Instead he will be urged to choose solid shades or conservative stripes in his suits and shirts, quietly striped or solid-color ties, and jackets with a conventional single vent. Rosenthal's success in the remaking of a President is far from assured. According to Betty Ford, her roommate never throws anything out. Recently, when White House Photographer David Kennerly kidded him for wearing a jacket with lapels wide enough to take wing, a defensive President responded, "What's wrong with this? I like it. I got it in 1955."



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Polaroid

The SX-70 photograph on the far left was taken by the deluxe model.

The photograph on the right was taken by the Model 3. Note the vibrant colors, the richness of detail in both

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Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
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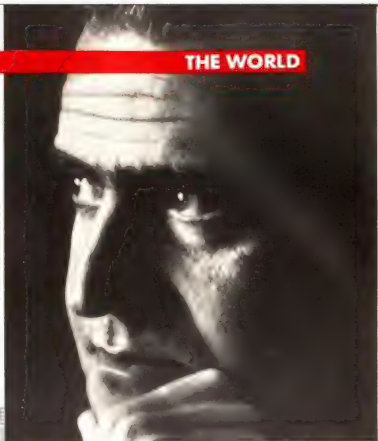
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SPAIN/COVER STORY

AFTER FRANCO: HOPE AND FEAR



FRANCO IN UNIFORM (1972); RECENT PORTRAIT OF JUAN CARLOS

As advancing age began taking its inexorable toll, Francisco Franco periodically pledged to his countrymen that he would rule Spain only "as long as God gives me life and a clear mind." It was apparent last week that the pledge was soon to come due, despite the determination with which the 82-year-old Generalissimo clung to the absolute power he had been wielding for nearly four decades. Severely weakened by a series of heart attacks, Western Europe's last dictator at week's end was barely hanging on to life. As the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church were administered, his family gathered at El Pardo Palace, his countrymen waited expectantly for word of the inevitable, and officials prepared for a three-day national mourning period.

The death of Franco will end an epoch for both Spain and Europe. Long the Continent's most reviled pariah, Franco was a haunting, living reminder that the West had failed to act decisively during the Spanish Civil War, when the forces of Communism, Fascism and democracy confronted each other in what turned out to be a dress rehearsal for World War II. In the postwar years, Franco confounded his numerous critics by taming a naturally rebellious nation that had spawned anarchy and by bringing Spanish society into the modern industrial age (see following story). Yet, like most dictators, he did not know when to quit. Most of

his countrymen thus accept his demise as long overdue. Only among the faithful—the Civil War veterans, the rightist youth, the shopkeepers who long ago rallied to the Falange—is there a genuine outpouring of emotion for the man who has been the only leader that 70% of Spain's 35 million people ever knew.

Yet there is also apprehension that the old hatreds bred in the bloody Civil War, unresolved ethnic and geographic differences, and the bitterness of the years of selective repression may rise to the surface. For more than a decade Spain has been obsessed with the question: After Franco, what? It is now about to find out.

Technically, at least, Franco answered that with the 1947 Law of Succession, which declares Spain a monarchy; later he decreed that within eight days of his death his power would devolve upon Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, 37 (see box page 26) who as King of Spain will ascend the throne vacated 44 years ago by his grandfather, Alfonso XIII. Yet few observers expect the inexperienced, untested Prince to be able to control the political forces that will certainly be unleashed by Franco's departure.

Franco's final crisis came quickly and unexpectedly. A month ago Franco—with Juan Carlos at his side—had appeared on the Royal Palace balcony to accept the homage of a mass rally in Madrid's Plaza de Oriente and he seemed vigorous for a man of his years (TIME

Oct. 13). Then, in the midst of an Oct. 17 Cabinet meeting at El Pardo Palace, his official residence outside Madrid, he announced that he was feeling queasy and excused himself from the room. The next morning Spain was swept by rumors about the state of his health.

For four days uncertainty mounted as the government refused to comment on Franco's condition; finally, the dictator's doctor announced that "in the course of an attack of influenza" he had "suffered an acute coronary crisis." Hoping to convince the public that Franco was indeed "recovering satisfactorily," as the bulletin claimed, the palace began issuing a steady stream of suspiciously cheerful news items reporting that Franco had "walked through his rooms," watched a film and talked animatedly with his family. It was even announced that he intended to preside over last Friday's regular Cabinet meeting.

Despite these sanguine bulletins Franco's condition was deteriorating. Thursday night, the eleven physicians attending him announced that he had suffered a relapse and "early signs of cardiac insufficiency had appeared." As this news spread, bars and restaurants in Madrid began closing early; a few groups of youths roamed the capital's streets mournfully chanting, "Franco Franco Franco."

Meanwhile, the Cabinet met in a marathon nine-hour session, grappling with both the Sahara crisis (see story page 47) and the imminent succession. At the

THE WORLD

meeting Premier Carlos Arias Navarro continued the search for a consensus that he had begun earlier that week, when he had huddled with leaders of Spain's Establishment—the *Movimiento Nacional* (the sole party allowed), the military and Franco's family. His goal to gain enough backing to allow him to tell the enfeebled dictator it was time to step aside. Only the family members and some of Franco's closest and oldest aides refused to concur. When told about the doctors' announcement of Franco's setback, Arias apparently rushed to El Pardo Palace to get a signature on a document transferring authority to Juan Carlos. The doctors, however, stopped the Premier from entering the sickroom, warning that "it would kill Franco to take a pen in his hand now."

The transfer of power in a dictatorship is seldom smooth. Yet it is probable that Juan Carlos' authority will not be challenged immediately. "Although many people in the opposition will not

accept him because of his close association with Franco," observed Centrist Politician Marcelino Oreja, "most Spaniards want to give him a chance." No one knows for certain, however, whether Juan Carlos has the courage to break with the "bunker"—the group of hard-line rightists who were Franco's most loyal backers and can be expected to oppose any realistic political reforms.

The first clue to Juan Carlos' policies will be his choice of a new government. It is expected that Premier Arias, as a matter of form, will submit his own and his Cabinet members' resignations. A dour former chief of Spain's hated internal-security apparatus, Arias has little personal ambition. "I want to be Franco's last Prime Minister but not Juan Carlos' first one," he once confided to a friend. Nonetheless, if Juan Carlos urges Arias to carry on in office with his ministers, that will be interpreted by the left as a signal that Spain is not about to change very quickly.

Despite his disagreeable record as Spain's top cop, Arias turned out to be something of a reformist Premier during his 20 months in office, advocating a scheme to permit "political associations" to organize and participate in local elections. The left, though, harshly criticizes him for backtracking on these reforms after he encountered opposition from the men in the "bunker."

Most probably the King will lean heavily on the Franco Establishment—the only politicians he has ever known—and risk leftist anger by forming a "government of national unity" under the premiership of either Arias or another moderate rightist. One possible candidate, Manuel Fraga Iribarne, head of an important center-rightist opposition group that includes many prominent politicians. As Minister of Tourism and Information in the 1960s, Fraga was the architect both of Spain's astounding tourist boom and of a press-law revision that relaxed censorship

THE PRINCE AS SLEEPING BEAUTY

It took the bluest of Europe's royal blood to produce Prince Juan Carlos Victor María de Borbón y Borbón. Tall (6 ft. 2 in.), curly-haired and athletically handsome, Juan Carlos is the grandson of Spain's last ruling King, Alfonso XIII, as well as a great-great-grandson of Britain's Queen Victoria and a direct descendant of France's Bourbon monarchs. Despite his lineage, however, the Prince is less the product of royalty than the creation of a commoner. Under the close surveillance and tutelage of Franco since he was ten years old, Juan Carlos has been so thoroughly molded in the image of *el Caudillo* that he might appropriately be dubbed "Francisco II." Often described as a storybook prince, he has in fact seemed more like the Sleeping Beauty of Spanish politics, a retiring figure patiently waiting for the kiss of Franco's death to free him from a somnolent existence lived in the shadow of the generalissimo's power.

Last Friday, Juan Carlos agreed to pose for TIME Photographer Eddie Adams at Zarzuela Palace, his official residence north of Madrid. The lines under his eyes reflected the strain of last week's uncertainties, but the atmosphere at Zarzuela was relaxed and, as palaces go, even homey. There was little sense of urgent state business at hand. Observed TIME's Madrid bureau chief, Gavin Scott, "Juan Carlos gave the impression that he had been cast in a role and he was ready to fill it out of a sense of patriotism. But there was nothing to suggest an eagerness for power."

Born in 1938 during the bloody chaos of Spain's Civil War, the Prince spent his early childhood shuttling between



THE YOUNG PRINCE WITH HIS FIRST GROUSE. YEARS LATER, PRACTICING KARATE



the various homes in exile that his family established after Spain became a republic in 1931. Juan Carlos' moderately liberal father Don Juan preferred exile to life under Franco's authoritarian rule; in 1948, though, he agreed to have his son educated in Spain under Franco's guidance. Hostility toward the Bourbon heir from both rightists and left-wing anti-monarchists was so intense that the ten-year-old Prince became a virtual prisoner in Las Jarillas, a heavily guarded Madrid estate where he began private high school studies. There Juan Carlos received his first indoctrination into the quasi-Fascist philosophy of Franco's *Movimiento Nacional*.

After studying for two years at the Infantry Academy in Zaragoza, the Prince was sent for a year each to the Naval School at Marin and the Air Academy at San Javier. Armed with commissions in all three services, Juan

Carlos began his civilian education at the University of Madrid in 1960. Lest he be tempted by what his father called "the tra-la-la of Madrid," however, he was cloistered once again, this time 30 miles from the capital, with a retinue of chaperons that included two dukes, three colonels and a personal chaplain.

Franco's precautions paid off. Juan Carlos was a serious, somewhat plodding student; he became fluent in five languages and conversant in two others. After a brief period of squireing Italy's high-living Princess Maria Gabriella, he settled down at 24 with a bride more suitable to his naturally subdued and by now almost melancholy temperament. Princess Sophia of Greece, a Girl Scout chief captain, amateur archaeologist and pediatric nurse. With their three children—Elena, 11,

somewhat. Any new Premier of the moderate right, including Arias, might be tolerable to the moderate left—at least at the start—if the most obdurate hard-liners were dropped from the Cabinet and replaced by new ministers willing to introduce a cautious liberalization.

The most dangerous course the new regime could take would be to ignore the pressures for change that have been surging through Spain for nearly two years. Last winter, after demonstrations by dissatisfied students calling for reforms of the universities and the political system, the government retaliated by closing the country's ten universities for periods of up to eight months. Workers, though prohibited by law from striking, have nonetheless walked off the job in wildcat actions in thousands of plants and offices; they have been protesting rising prices and the ban on free unions.

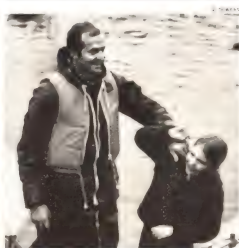
There have also been signs of dis-

satisfaction on the right. The hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, long a key pillar of Franco's reign, has become increasingly impatient with the regime's refusal to change. Last spring the Roman Catholic Episcopal Conference endorsed reforms to ensure freedom of assembly and speech. In industrial and mining centers, many parish priests have been supporting the illegal *comisiones obreras* (underground labor unions), allowing them to meet in the churches and distributing food to their members when they strike. A center-rightist "study group," whose members include Manuel Fraga Iribarne and the Count of Motrico, a leading monarchist, two months ago demanded that the regime "change from an authoritarian to a democratic system."

Franco crudely and contemptuously dismissed his opposition as "yapping dogs," even though most of the moderates' demands for change are far from revolutionary. They would probably be

satisfied, for a start, with such reforms as legalizing trade unions and allowing political parties to organize and compete with the *Movimiento Nacional*. Many of the Socialists, for instance, seem willing to give a Juan Carlos regime a chance. A moderate politician probably caught the mood of most Spaniards when he said that the post-Franco evolution must come "*poco a poco* [little by little]. We do not want Lisbon street scenes here."

That is not necessarily the view of the Spanish Communist Party—probably the best organized of Spain's illegal political groups. From its four-room Paris headquarters-in-exile, Party Secretary-General Santiago Carrillo keeps in touch with an estimated 12,000 active members in Spain by couriers and a constantly changing network of "safe" telephones. Carrillo has repeatedly voiced his opposition to Juan Carlos. "The Prince is, in effect, the son of Franco," the Secretary recently told TIM. Chief



JUAN CARLOS & PRINCESS SOPHIA AT THEIR WEDDING; WITH DAUGHTER ELENA IN PALMA DE MALLORCA, AT HIS PALACE LAST WEEK

Cristina, 10, and Felipe, 7—the royal couple now live at state expense in the 20-room Zarzuela Palace, a modern residence surrounded by formal flower gardens and well protected by police.

For many years, Juan Carlos spent his mornings at the palace in briefing sessions with high-ranking government experts, following a curriculum for kingship devised by Franco. Economics was the subject on Monday, church matters and foreign policy on Tuesday, labor and industry on Wednesday, cultural affairs on Thursday, and military and scientific topics on Friday. Lately, his mornings have often been devoted to presiding at official functions, his afternoons to sports. The Prince hunts partridge, golfs, swims and water-skis ("I prefer one ski to two"). He holds a black belt in karate, a distinction he shares with his brother-in-law, former King Con-

stantine of Greece. Juan Carlos was a member of the *Dragon*-class crew that sailed for Spain in the 1972 Olympics.

Since 1969, when Franco bypassed Don Juan by appointing Juan Carlos his official successor, the relationship between father and son has remained cordial but distant. The Prince and his family routinely visit Don Juan in Estoril, Portugal; reportedly, dynastic matters are tactfully avoided. Last June, however, Don Juan reasserted his right to the Spanish throne in a speech to several hundred supporters who had gathered at Estoril to celebrate his 62nd birthday. "I am not the head of any plot. I am not the rival of anyone," said Don Juan. But, he added, "I am the trustee of the centuries-old political treasure that the Spanish monarchy represents."

Will father and son become involved in a power struggle? That depends large-

ly on whether Juan Carlos can convince Franco's long-suppressed political opponents that he is more than a programmed appendage of the old regime. Recent visitors to the Zarzuela Palace report that Juan Carlos has long wanted a more liberal political life for Spain, but that he could not say so publicly until General Franco stepped down or died. A successor to power only by Franco's sufferance, Juan Carlos had no choice but to accept his public image as a pliable sportsman-prince.

If the effort to break the mold cast by Franco comes too late, Juan Carlos will have at least one sympathizer: His brother-in-law Constantine has reportedly told Juan Carlos that if he had spoken out more forcefully against the military junta in Greece, he might still be reigning in Athens rather than living in the suburbs of London.

MEN TO WATCH

Likely to play key roles during the first months of the post-Franco era are (from right clockwise): Movimiento Nacional Secretary José Solís Ruiz; Don Juan de Borbón, father of Prince Juan Carlos; Moderate Rightist Manuel Fraga Iribarne; Premier Carlos Arias Navarro; Communist Party Secretary-General Santiago Carrillo



European Correspondent William Rademaekers. "All Franco's structures will have to disappear, including Juan Carlos. If the people decide they want a monarch, then he will be Don Juan"—Juan Carlos' father, who has been living in exile in Portugal.

Even the Communists do not demand an immediate radicalization of Spanish society. Unlike Portugal's hard-lining Stalinist party boss, Alvaro Cunhal, Carrillo claims that he favors a democratic, pluralistic state that would permit basic freedoms. The Communists are in a good position to push their program: they have heavily infiltrated the legal trade union movement, the clandestine *comisiones obreras* and groups of lawyers, doctors and engineers

The Communists will oppose any government that does not include members of the *Junta Democrática*, an organization founded last year that supposedly represents centrist and leftist groups but is probably a Communist front. If the new regime fails to bring the Socialists into the government, the Communists may also try to woo them into an opposition national-front movement. "If Juan Carlos does not offer change and change quickly," warned a party official last week in Madrid, "he will be consigning himself to oblivion." From Paris, Carrillo was blunter, vowing "a wave of terror that will lead to a new civil war" if the hard-line rightists retain control of the government.

Spain's extremists, however, are likely to beat the Communists to the

punch. The Basque terrorists have already vowed to continue their struggle "until we achieve our goals" of a semi-autonomous state in the provinces of Vizcaya and Guipúzcoa. The Revolutionary Anti-Fascist Patriotic Front (FRAP), a tiny (200 member) Marxist urban-guerrilla organization, will probably continue its campaign of selected shootings and bombings aimed at disrupting public order.

Any movement by the new government toward a liberalization of the Spanish political system would almost certainly enrage much of the rightist Establishment that has been reaping most of the political benefits of Franco's long reign. As the only party through which the factions backing the regime have been allowed to function, the *Movimiento Nacional* has dominated nearly every organized activity in the country, from farmers' associations to sports groups. The *Movimiento's* secretary, currently José Solís Ruiz, even has an automatic seat in the Cabinet. He is expected to emerge as a key critic of the new regime if it moves toward liberalization too rapidly for the right. Also likely to protest reforms is the leadership of the *sindicatos*, the official labor unions that are sure to lose their privileged position if free unions are permitted.

The old Falange veterans, who fought under their *Caudillo* during the Civil War, feel a deep loyalty to the existing political structures. If the "bunker" denounces reformist measures as the work of Communists, these former soldiers might well take to the streets

THE WORLD

with rallies and demonstrations. The Communists and other leftists would probably respond with counterprotests and a wave of economy-crippling strikes.

If the new regime fails to prevent a clash between rival political groups, Spain's military commanders may feel compelled to step in. Although kept deliberately apolitical by Franco, the officer corps is believed to be solidly loyal to *el Caudillo's* plans for the succession. Unlike Portugal's officers, they have not been radicalized by exposure to Marxist rebels in a losing African colonial war. The new King, in fact, is reportedly popular with the officers.

Not all Spanish officers are rightists. Many are known to be unhappy with the unpopular political task imposed on the army by Franco only last year, of having to try and execute terrorists charged with killing policemen. There is a core of military moderates—officers who once studied at the High General Staff School under General Manuel Díez Alegria, who was abruptly sacked as army chief of staff by Franco in June 1974. Reason: Díez had openly advocated that the government ease its repression of dissidents and he was also being likened to António de Spínola, the Portuguese general who played a key part in toppling the fascist dictatorship in Lisbon. Anonymous senders even began mailing Díez Alegria monocles—Spínola's hallmark.

The world will be closely watching Spain for any sign of the "Portuguese malaise," the chaos and political turmoil that have plagued Lisbon since the overthrow of its dictatorship 18 months ago. Yet contagion seems unlikely. Thanks in part to Franco, who in the 1960s presided over the country's most rapid transformation in its history, Spain today has a much better base for a peaceful transformation to a democracy than its Iberian neighbor.

If Juan Carlos can manage his country through its post-Franco transition, Western Europe and the U.S. will welcome a more open and politically pluralistic Spain as a full participant in the Western community; it would probably be invited to enter the Common Market and even join the North Atlantic Treaty Organization—two bodies closed to it as long as Franco remained in power. The U.S. would like to continue a special relationship of more than two decades, enabling Washington to maintain its key air and naval bases in Spain, for which a new five-year accord has just been negotiated. No one, however, could possibly welcome a peaceful transition more than the Spaniards themselves. With memories and tales of Civil War horrors still vivid and haunting, there is nothing more feared by Spaniards—except for the terrorists—than a renewal of that fratricidal bloodletting.

What's missing from this picture?



This is Port LaBelle, a modern planned community located in the peaceful heartland of Florida. The newest of seven General Development communities. What's missing from the picture is air pollution, water pollution, noise pollution, traffic jams, and overcrowding too often associated with urban living. Perhaps what should be included in the picture is the staff of environment and ecology oriented engineers and planners who put two years of planning into Port LaBelle before a shovel ever touched the ground.

From the careful selection of water purification systems to the choice of grass for the golf course, General Development directed every detail to make Port LaBelle a place where people could live like human beings were meant to live. They mapped greenbelts, crosswalks, bicycle paths, a marina, parks and recreational areas. Wherever possible, construction was designed to preserve native stands of pine, cypress and century-old oaks.

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This is one in a series of articles about community planning. For more information, write to: General Development Corporation, Dept. A, 1111 So. Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33131.



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DuBOUCHETT.
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FINIS: 36 YEARS OF IRON RULE

He had come to be regarded not so much as a man but as an enduring symbol of authoritarianism. At 82, Francisco Franco y Bahamonde, the Caudillo of Spain, had become increasingly secluded, aloof from the people, distant even from his own subordinates. The olive-colored flesh sagged in folds from his face, his palsied right hand trembled continuously, and the speech—once shrill and demanding—was slurred and frequently unintelligible. The figure barely 5 ft. 3 in. tall, had never been especially heroic, even in a general's uniform decorated with medals, sash and sword; in recent years it seemed smaller and withered. But until last week, Franco never relaxed the hard control he wielded over Spain for almost 40 years—not even in 1974, when he temporarily turned over his powers to Prince Juan Carlos after an attack of phlebitis. A stern, indomitable autocrat, he had outlived such contemporary dictators as Hitler and Mussolini, ancient foes like Stalin, and his old neighbor and fellow dictator, Portugal's António de Oliveira Salazar.

The grand scheme that Franco devised for an orderly transfer of power to Juan Carlos was frustrated two years ago. While he had long wanted the Prince to have the title of head of state, *el Caudillo* also intended that the regime's authoritarian rule should be carried on by his closest friend, the ultraconservative Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, who for seven years had served as Franco's subservient Vice President. Thus in 1973 Franco transferred his titles of President and head of government to Carrero Blanco, 70, who presumably would have become the real power behind Juan Carlos after Franco's death. That plan died along with Carrero Blanco in December 1973 when Basque terrorists set off an explosive charge as the admiral drove from morning Mass at Madrid's San Francisco de Borja Church.

After the death of Carrero Blanco, Franco spent most of his time behind the walls of El Pardo Palace, a luxurious retreat on the fringes of Madrid built by King Charles V in 1543. Except for occasional fishing trips aboard his yacht the *Azor* or official visits to the Valley of the Fallen, a monumental Civil War Memorial that was at one time intended to serve as his tomb, Franco rarely emerged from his palace. Even the fishing trips must have become a dispiriting confirmation of the mortality he hated to acknowledge, a further assault on the pride he took in past feats

of skill and stamina. In 1957 he had been named national amateur fishing champion for catching a 712-lb. tuna with rod and reel, the largest ever landed by rod in Spanish waters. He also boasted of shooting 8,420 partridges in one year.

The sporting life, which offered Franco virtually his only escape from official routine, was abandoned in recent years for the regal pleasures of a cloistered castle existence: liveried servants, Moorish guards on white stallions, walls covered with Goya tapestries—and obsequiousness everywhere. Foreign ambassadors who were granted audiences with the Caudillo had a precise protocol of steps and bows. In addition to his love of pomp, Franco was a man of rig-

id decorum, methodical habit and deep Christian piety; his orderly days included regular attendance at Mass and midnight recitation of the rosary with his wife, the former Carmen Polo y Martínez Valdes. His few moments of relaxation were spent with his six grandchildren by his only child Carmenita, or in painting. Seascapes were his favorite subject.

Though he was a legend to his people, Franco was never close to them. The son of a naval paymaster, he was born in Galicia on the Atlantic coast. Franco entered the Academia de Infantería at Toledo in 1907 at the age of 15. During the Spanish campaign against the Rif of Morocco between 1912 and 1926 he gained a reputation for unflinching physical courage. A three-time winner of the Medal of Military Merit, Franco was promoted to Spain's youngest captain at 22, major at 23, colonel at 32, and, at 33, he became the youngest general in Europe since Napoleon.

Franco, as recent generations of Spaniards have been allowed to forget, was not a rebel leader before the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. Although he was King Alfonso's favorite general, Franco remained cautiously on the sidelines when the monarchy, abolished in a democratic election in 1931, was replaced by a reformist Republican government whose moderate policies were opposed by extremists of both right and left. He refused to take part in several abortive, ill-planned military revolts against the Republicans, and in 1934 crushed an anti-Republican uprising of Asturian miners so mercilessly that he

FRANCO SITS FOR HIS LAST OFFICIAL PORTRAIT (1969)



VALLEY OF THE FALLEN MEMORIAL





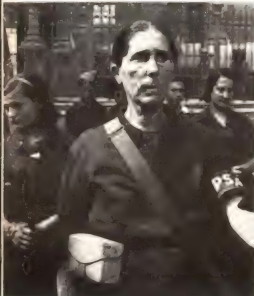
THE WORLD

earned the nickname "Butcher." His loyalties, however, seemed more a matter of timing than of principle. When a leftist Popular Front government of Communists, socialists and anarchists swept the elections of 1936, bringing waves of street fighting, strikes and assassinations, Franco finally joined a plot by military men, fascists, monarchists and rightists of all persuasions to overthrow the Republican government. On July 17, 1936, the daring young general gained world headlines by launching a successful air and sea invasion of the Spanish mainland. Within 24 hours, Hitler and Mussolini were sending men and supplies to the rebels, and the Republic had clearly found its archadversary. Franco was proclaimed Generalissimo of the rebel forces and Chief of State in a brief ceremony at Burgos on Oct. 1, 1936.

COUNTERCLOCKWISE: FRANCO (CA. 1921);
LOYALIST WOMEN'S MILITIA (CA. 1938);
LOYALIST SOLDIER BEING KILLED, REBEL ATTACK
(1937); FRANCO WITH REBEL TROOPS (1939)

The 2½ years of fighting that followed constitute one of the grimmest episodes in modern European history. Military campaigns of unparalleled ferocity led to enormous casualties on both sides, usually for little or no strategic gain. Saturation bombing campaigns and continuous artillery bombardments of cities gave the world its first views of "total" war involving civilian populations. The war became a testing ground for the weapons and strategies of World War II. Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy used the Spanish war to perfect the Stuka dive bomber and the tactics of incendiary bombing that in one day destroyed the town of Guernica, among many others. The Soviet Union backed the Popular Front government, as did Communists everywhere. But the vastly greater weight of German and Italian arms, coupled with the decision by the Russians and Germans to seek a nonaggression pact, which dried up Soviet support for the Republicans, eventually gave the victory to Franco's forces.

Spain's Civil War was not only a



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testing ground for arms but also for ideals. Volunteers poured in from around the world—including 3,100 Americans who joined the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and other units—to fight on the Republican side against Franco. They believed that a Republican victory in the Spanish Civil War was the only way to stop the spread of fascism. Nearly half of the American volunteers died in Spain.

A brigade of intellectuals, including Ernest Hemingway, André Malraux, Arthur Koestler and George Orwell, had their lives and work shaped irrevocably by their experiences in Spain. "As a militiaman," George Orwell later wrote in *Homage to Catalonia*, "one was a soldier against Franco, but one was also a pawn in an enormous struggle that was being fought out between political theories." Albert Camus observed afterwards: "It was in Spain that men learned that one can be right and yet be beaten, that force can vanquish spirit, that there are times when courage is not its own recompense. It is this, doubtless, which explains why so many men, the world over, regard the Spanish drama as a personal tragedy."

The war ended with the capture of Madrid by Franco's forces in early 1939. More than 500,000 Spaniards had been killed in the fighting; nearly 100,000 more were victims of wartime terror and firing squads. There were to be other victims. Franco's victorious forces took a bloody and merciless revenge on their political enemies. Between 1939 and 1942, nearly 2 million people were imprisoned by the Franco regime for supporting the Loyalists, and perhaps 200,000 of them were executed.

By war's end, Franco had assumed command of the country's political forces as well as its army. He took over the program and rhetoric of the Falange, a fascist party dedicated to violence and armed revolution, and vowed to build "a totalitarian instrument" that would "reinforce the hierarchic principle, exalt love of country, practice social justice and foster the well-being of the middle and working classes." Franco integrated the Falange into his *Movimiento Nacional*, made a secular saint of the Falange's executed leader, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, and used it to control rival political movements as well as the Falangists themselves. The *Movimiento* became Spain's sole legal political party and a personal instrument for carrying out Franco's policies. Franco ruthlessly set his secret police on all dissenters. The press was severely censored and intellectuals were harassed. Businesses were tightly controlled, and only friends of the dictator seemed able to get the proper government licenses or escape ruinous taxes.

For nearly a quarter-century, Spaniards suffered along with the Portuguese as the most oppressed people in West-

ern Europe. So abhorrent to Western democracies was Franco's regime that both the United Nations in 1945 and the Common Market later refused to let Spain join. A desire by the U.S. for air and submarine bases led to a military pact in 1953 that boosted Spain's standing in the international community. It did little, however, to reform Franco's cruel and backward rule.

Oppression began to ease in the early 1960s when Franco, aware that his country was missing out on Western Europe's mushrooming prosperity, gave a young group of pragmatic technocrats a chance to guide Spain's economic policies. Private industries were offered a five-year tax holiday, duty-free equipment imports, easy credit terms and attractive plant sites as incentives to set up shop in Spain's capital-starved provinces. Some 70 companies moved into the city of Valladolid within four years, bringing \$75 million in investments and 8,200 new jobs. Similar boom towns sprang up throughout Spain. Tourism flourished beyond the technocrats' wildest imaginings when Spain's stern moral codes were relaxed to permit bikinis on beaches where 15 years before men had been arrested for not wearing tops. Sleepy fishing hamlets on Spain's southern coast were suddenly flanked by burgeoning glassy skylines of luxury apartments, and there was standing room only on once desolate beaches. The result for Spain was its own economic miracle—a swift switch from decaying feudal empire to industrial state. The gross national product rose from \$29.3 billion in 1963 to an estimated \$65 billion in 1974, and there was a corresponding increase in per capita income, from \$934 in 1963 to \$2,100 today.

The economic miracle also created a new middle class that began to murmur about the need for social freedoms and political privileges to accompany the economic advances. Franco, determined to maintain firm control over all aspects of Spanish life, would not sanction such reforms and indeed did not understand the need for them. Students demonstrated for educational reforms at universities in Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao, Santiago, Valencia and Seville and doggedly battled police who sought to stop them. Liberal priests and moderate bishops changed the Roman Catholic Church from a staunch supporter of the regime to an independent and often critical force for change. Increasingly rebellious workers defied the government-run syndicates that controlled labor and attempted to set up their own unions. Basque ex-



FRANCO & HITLER REVIEW TROOPS IN FRANCE (1940)
Reinforcing the hierarchic principle.

tremists, seeking political, linguistic and cultural freedom for their section of northern Spain, carried on an unremitting campaign of terror that, in addition to the assassination of Carrero Blanco, has included the systematic murder of security police.

The *Caudillo* spent his last years in public life trying to keep a lid on Spain's seething political cauldron. The nation's conservatives reacted nervously not only to the death of Admiral Carrero Blanco but to events in neighboring Portugal. In the wake of the Lisbon coup, the army, the dreaded militia known as the Guardia Civil and the Cabinet were safely installed in conservative hands.

Franco had no faith that his mercurial people might possibly learn how to govern themselves. Ultimately, the kind of apolitical serenity that he wanted for Spain has proved to be an unattainable ideal. Nonetheless, it is a tribute of sorts to his dictatorial skills that he was able to maintain a façade of peace for so long.

FRANCO RECEIVING COMMUNION (1972)



DIPLOMACY

China: Who's Afraid of Détente?

Chinese Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua set his chopsticks beside his bowl of shark's fin and crab meat. Then he rose and made a toast. "The stark reality is not that détente has developed to a new stage, but that the danger of a new world war is mounting," Chiao told 300 listeners in Peking's Great Hall of the People. "To base oneself on illusions will only abet the ambitions of expansionists and lead to grave consequences. In the face of the growing danger of war, China's fundamental policy is to dig tunnels deep, store grain everywhere and never seek hegemony."

The Chinese are serious about the politics of toasts. The Foreign Minister's

December. The Chinese feel that last summer's Helsinki summit on European cooperation was the Munich of the '70s—with Brezhnev the Hitler, Kissinger the Chamberlain, and Senator Henry Jackson, a foe of détente, the Churchill. They are also sensitive to Soviet attempts to penetrate Southeast Asia.

Chilly Atmosphere. Kissinger's reply to Peking's criticism of détente also required little interpretation. "Our two countries are too self-reliant to need reassurance and too experienced to confuse words with reality or tactics with strategy," he said. "We will nurture our relationship by respecting each other's views regarding our national interest."



CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG GREETING KISSINGER IN HIS PEKING RESIDENCE
Digging tunnels, storing grain and never seeking hegemony.

scarcely veiled meaning was clear to Henry Kissinger, who raised his goblet politely, but—with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm—barely touched it to his lips. In effect, China, the No. 2 Communist power, was accusing the U.S., the leading capitalist, of appeasing the No. 1 Communist country, the Soviet Union. It was warning that Russian-American détente could cast a shadow over Washington-Peking rapprochement. Try as he might during his four-day stay in China, the Secretary of State could not get his hosts very far from this single, obsessive topic. Détente turned out to be not just a major point of contention, as Kissinger had anticipated, but a recurring one. As TIME Correspondent Strobe Talbott reported from Peking, it limited negotiations over such vital items as the future of Korea, the status of Taiwan and preparations for President Ford's first visit to China, scheduled for

In short, détente would continue, whether Peking liked it or not.

Kissinger's eighth trip to Peking in four years was thus conducted in a chilly atmosphere than the previous seven. The Americans felt that some Chinese officials were brusque almost to the point of rudeness. At one banquet, Kissinger toasted both Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Premier Chou En-lai, but Foreign Minister Chiao neglected to do so for President Ford. Observers in Hong Kong believe Kissinger was unnecessarily blunt to the sensitive Chinese.

Part of the trouble may have been the absence of Chou En-lai, 77, the co-architect of Sino-American rapprochement, who is desperately ill with heart disease. Both Chiao and Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, who appears to be running China on a day-to-day basis, are facing increasing complaints from some of their colleagues about the Wash-

ington connection. Observers note also that Kissinger and Teng seem to actively dislike each other.

A bigger problem was China's new perception of the U.S. following Watergate, the collapse of Indochina, and Congress's challenge to Kissinger's control of American foreign policy. "Our biggest problem [with China] is their assessment of our effective ability to maintain the world balance of power and to make good on whatever we set out to do," said a senior American official last week. "Dumping out the details of U.S. Sinai agreements [with Israel and Egypt] in public is incomprehensible to the Chinese. The congressional investigations of the intelligence agencies are incomprehensible. They don't want us to look incompetent, beset by domestic difficulties and incapable of living up to our commitments. They want to see how cool we are in the face of potential pressure. We're in trouble if they perceive that we are bumbling."

Chairman Mao was one of those who wanted to see if the U.S. was bumbling. Just as he was about to begin a negotiating session, Kissinger was summoned to Chung Nan Hai, Mao's residence near the old imperial palace. Kissinger had tried out a few words of more or less incomprehensible Mandarin at an opening banquet in the Great Hall. "He has a nice voice," politely observed one Chinese official when asked to appraise the accent, and the 81-year-old Chairman surprised the Americans with a bit of English: "Welcome," "Good talks" and "Yes." During the 100-minute meeting, an unusually long time for such sessions, Mao repeated Chiao's earlier warnings about détente. Though Mao seemed frail, he showed no signs of failing in mind or memory. The fact that the Chairman saw Kissinger, the State Department believes, means that he will also see Ford in December.

Spirited Defense. Despite the mutually sharp words, Washington did not consider last week's trip a total loss. There was even some muted satisfaction that the two sides could be so frank with each other and still maintain their relationship. One White House expert explained that the talks were "a debate, but not a bilateral squabble."

The Kremlin must have been happy with Kissinger's spirited defense of détente. Though the second phase of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT II) is currently stalemated, chiefly over exactly which weapons should be counted, both Washington and Moscow will be under pressure to conclude an agreement soon so that Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev can make his postponed trip to the U.S. Brezhnev will not come unless some compromise is reached. Yet the SALT II negotiations fill the Chinese with foreboding, and a new Soviet-American arms accord coupled with détente in Europe, they believe, will allow Moscow to turn all of its attention and all of its guns on China.



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Head Room	38.0	38.9
Leg Room	42.1	42.5
Hip Room	58.4	59.3
Shoulder Room	58.5	64.0
Rear		
Head Room	37.0	38.4
Leg Room	37.6	38.8
Hip Room	59.4	59.7
Shoulder Room	58.5	63.8

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Ford recently conducted two surveys of 1974 car owners. The first to find out about any troubles they had in 26 areas relating to mechanical dependability. The second, in six areas relating to body quality and durability.

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SADAT & WIFE JEHAN (CENTER) WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS & HUSBANDS AT THE PRESIDENT'S HOME IN ALEXANDRIA

MIDDLE EAST

Cementing Sadat to the West

In 1966 Anwar Sadat, who was then Speaker of the Egyptian Parliament, made his first visit to the U.S. He was worried about how an Egyptian would be treated. This week, returning as President of Egypt on an eleven-day trip, he knows exactly what his reception will be. Although there may be some picketing by Jewish Defense League activists, Sadat will be feted at the White House, address a joint session of Congress, and travel to cities including Williamsburg, Houston and Chicago. Says a high White House official: "We hope to cement Sadat to us and lay the groundwork for a new relationship between Egypt and Israel."

Sadat has a somewhat similar goal. Ever since the death of Gamal Abdel Nasser he has been working to end Egypt's dependence on the Soviet Union and bring it closer to the West. He tried to cooperate with former Secretary of State William Rogers in Rogers' abortive peace efforts of 1971, and he went so far as to kick the Russian advisers out of Egypt in 1972. His acceptance of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's interim agreement in the Sinai has, in effect, wedded him to the notion of eventual peace with Israel.

The reason is not Sadat's good relationship with "my friend Henry," as he calls the Secretary of State, but Egypt's own pressing needs. With 37 million people—and a high birth rate—the country is desperately poor. Despite a cash transfusion of \$1.2 billion this year from Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Qatar, Egypt will probably end 1975 with a \$500 million deficit, raising the possibility that the country might default on its debts. The Saudi money-men, moreover, are not happy—or think it impolitic to seem happy—about Egypt's

signing of the Sinai accord, and they are likely to be less generous in the future.

Sadat will this week present Administration officials with a long, detailed list of what Egypt is asking to maintain economic stability and provide its own defense. "What is badly needed is one or two major American investments here in the next year or 18 months," says an American businessman in Cairo. "That would give confidence to others, including the Saudis, to come in on a major scale."

New Hotels. Some interesting deals are in the making. The Ford Motor Co. has been considering construction of a \$60 million diesel-engine plant in Egypt, and eleven foreign companies, seven of them American, have been talking about some kind of partnership with Nasr, Egypt's No. 1 automaker. No fewer than 26 foreign oil companies are exploring the country. Cairo officials hope that Egypt will be producing a million barrels a day by 1980.

Tourism is as valuable as wells, and 50 new hotels are now either being built or are under consideration. Egyptian officials also expect the reopened Suez Canal to eventually bring in \$450 million a year in foreign exchange. Traffic through the canal has picked up steadily since it was reopened last June—though it is still below the 1967 level—and Japan recently granted a \$100 million loan to widen and deepen it. "We are in a transition period and we have serious problems," says Sayed Marei, President of the Egyptian Parliament and one of Sadat's top advisers. "But I predict that by 1978 our economy will be strong again. If the U.S. could provide us with food—wheat, corn and vegetable oils—during this three-year transition period, we could pour our foreign

exchange into economic development."

On the military side, the Egyptian President knows that he cannot realistically expect the massive aid Washington has been giving Israel—especially as the U.S. approaches an election year. Sadat would, nonetheless, like sophisticated defensive weapons: patrol boats for the Mediterranean coastline and the Suez Canal, the F-5E "defensive" jet fighter, and the TOW wire-guided antitank missile, which Israel used effectively in 1973 against Egyptian tanks in the Sinai. He will not ask Washington to stop aid to Israel, but he will reiterate a request that it not heat up the arms race by giving Jerusalem advanced weapons like the Pershing missile.

The Ford Administration knows that it will have to work hard to get congressional approval of even modest Egyptian requests, and it is happy to have the articulate and personable Sadat on hand to sell himself. The President, in fact, is bringing his whole family—his wife, four children, and the husbands and fiancé of his three daughters—to present an attractive picture on American television sets.

Even as the Sadats were packing their bags, tensions continued in the Middle East. At U.N. Post 512 in the Sinai, a joint Israeli-Egyptian commission held its first meeting to work out details of the Israeli withdrawal from an area including the Ras Sudr oilfields, that move is now scheduled to be completed by mid-November. Almost simultaneously, Syrian and Israeli troops clashed on the Golan Heights. It was the first such incident since the Syrian-Israeli disengagement in May 1974. The Syrian strategy seemed clearly designed to discredit Sadat in the Arab world on the eve of his departure to Washington. Damascus apparently intends to raise tension on the Golan to draw world attention to this unsolved problem, and President Hafez Assad has warned that Syria may not renew the U.N. force

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mandate, which expires on Nov. 30. By contrast, the peacekeeping-force mandate for the Sinai was approved last week by the Security Council by a vote of 13 to 0, with two abstentions.

Sadat has rarely been more popular at home, and he has never been so unpopular among other Arabs as he has been since he accepted the Sinai agreement. He feels that he has taken a big gamble to win peace in the Middle East, and he now expects the U.S. to help him reduce the odds. "We hope that the American President will understand that Sadat's policy gives Israel at last the hope of peace and security," says Sayed Marei. "We are cured of the old idea of throwing Israel into the sea."

LEBANON

Edge of Destruction

Each time embattled Beirut tries to pick up the pieces after a makeshift truce dampens political sectarian violence, something happens to rekindle the fighting and paralyze the city. Last week, only four days after the start of another cease-fire, the multifactional civil war between right-wing Christian Phalangists and left-wing Moslems raged anew. In one day there were at least 200 kidnappings. Two of the victims were Americans: Charles Gallagher and William Dykes, the director and deputy director of the regional center of the U.S. Information Service. The first foreigners to be kidnapped during the latest troubles, they were captured at gunpoint, apparently by leftist Moslems in the territory controlled by the Nasserite Organization Corrective Movement. At week's end there had been no ransom demand or word of their fate.

The latest round of fighting had been sparked by the discovery of the mutilated body of a Moslem cab driver, killed in the previous week's battles. Mortars, rockets and machine guns exploded in one of the noisiest and most prolonged cannonades yet to afflict Beirut. An estimated 150 died and 450 lay wounded. As armed bands disrupted the city, Beirut had to deal with so-called flying roadblocks that were set up and later torn down in hit-and-run fashion.

Incapable of controlling the semi-feudal political lords and their private militias who are responsible for the violence, Premier Rashid Karami faced increasing pressure to resign. He tentatively increased patrols by army troops in Beirut's downtown business sector and at all entrances to the city. Because most commanding officers in the 18,000-man army are Christian, Moslems fiercely oppose large-scale use of the military. Karami so far agrees and has warned that bringing in the army could destroy the country. But as the fighting continued unabated, it seemed that the country was already approaching the edge of destruction.

TERRORISM

Adding Up to an Epidemic

Acts of terrorism may be isolated, but sometimes they add up to an epidemic of violence. Last week assorted rebels were responsible for one sensational bombing and a rash of murders and kidnappings. Items:

► In London, a bomb believed to have been planted by the Irish Republican Army exploded outside the elegant town house where Caroline Kennedy, 17, had been visiting. The intended victim was her host, Tory M.P. Hugh Fraser, who has advocated stronger anti-I.R.A. measures in Northern Ireland. Fraser, a longtime friend of the Kennedy family, and the shaken daughter of the late President escaped injury, but a bystander, Dr. Gordon Hamilton Fairley, one of the world's leading cancer specialists, was killed in the blast.

► In Genoa, Italy, members of the Red Brigades, a revolutionary Marxist group, seized an official of a state-owned factory, Vincenzo Casabona, 47, shaved his head, chained his feet to a pole in a garbage dump, and released him six hours later after a vicious beating.

► In Vienna, three dark-complexioned English-speaking gunmen sauntered into the unguarded Turkish embassy and shot Ambassador Danis Tunaligil, 60, killing him instantly. Among the suspects sought by the Aus-

trian police: Greek zealots who might be acting in retaliation for the 1974 Turkish invasion of Cyprus, Armenians who might be taking belated revenge for the 1915 massacre of their countrymen in Turkey, and opium smugglers who believed they had been betrayed to the Austrian police by the Turkish authorities. Two days after the Vienna murder, gunmen in Paris opened fire on a car belonging to the Turkish ambassador to France, Ismail Erez, 56, who died along with his chauffeur. A clandestine Greek Cypriot group, the EOKA-B, quickly sought credit for the murder in Vienna, in retaliation for the 1974 Turkish invasion of Cyprus. EOKA-B also said that it was responsible for the Paris murders, but its claim was disputed by the "Secret Armenian Army for the Liberation of Armenia." Thousands of ethnic Armenians still live in Turkey. Police believe, however, that yet a third group may have been involved: it is the Popular Front for the Liberation of Turkey, which is known to be allied with Palestinian terrorists.

Rivaling those grim incidents in drama—and gruesomeness detail—was the continuing saga of Dutch Industrialist Tiede Herrema, 54, who was abducted near Limerick earlier this month by two I.R.A. extremists (TIME, Oct. 20). Since then, Herrema and his kidnappers have been the target of the biggest man hunt



CAROLINE KENNEDY (LEFT); TURKISH AMBASSADORS EREZ & TUNALIGIL; BELOW: POLICE SEAL OFF AREA AROUND FRASER'S BOMBED JAGUAR



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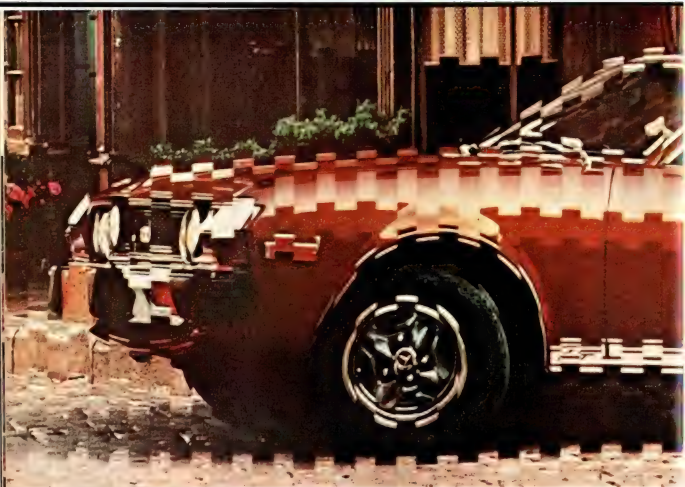
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RARE
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NORTH AFRICA

The King's Bizarre Crusade

From the Strait of Gibraltar to the edge of the Sahara, 620 miles away, all Morocco last week seemed to be on one giant national picnic. In towns and villages, men and women sang and danced to the din of drums and the ear-splitting piping of flutes; excited children ran through the streets and watched their parents and relatives board trains and buses for the south. King Hassan II's bizarre crusade to "liberate" the Spanish Sahara (TIM, Oct. 27) was ready to begin.

Realizing that an armed invasion might well cause a war with both Spain and Algeria, Hassan had asked for 350,000 volunteers to cross the frontier armed only with the Koran. By the end of the week, 700,000, including 70,000 women, had signed up for what Moroccan newspapers had dubbed "the Green March" (after Islam's traditional color). Doctors were still giving physical examinations to decide who was up to the arduous 15-day, 60-mile trek across a land as desolate as the moon, where temperatures at this time of year can climb as high as 113° at midday and fall to 41° at night.

Hassan had been preparing his move even before the International Court of Justice ruled that Morocco had not proved its "ties of territorial sovereignty" over the 103,000-sq.-mi. land, which has, outside of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., perhaps 20% of the world's

phosphates. All last week a fleet of nearly 8,000 trucks rumbled toward Tarfaya, Morocco's southernmost city, with cargoes that included 42,580 tons of water, food and fuel, along with blankets and tents. Overhead, army helicopters scattered back and forth watching for emergencies, as the never-ending column rolled through its own cloud of red dust. At night the motley army dozed in blankets or thick djellaba robes, with hoods pulled over their heads, and charcoal braziers glowed brick red as they brewed the omnipresent mint tea.

Divine Protection. To take care of those who fell from sun or heat stroke, the government had also commandeered 220 ambulances and recruited 470 doctors and nurses. Premier Ahmed Osman personally sent off the first contingent of 20,000—most of whom carried copies of the Koran along with soup bowls, spoons and bottle openers—from the oasis of Ksar-es-Souk. "Go then under divine protection," he said, "helped by your unshakable faith, your true patriotism and your total devotion to the guide of your victorious march. King Hassan II."

Spain is ready to give up the Sahara but has wanted the territory's 70,000 nomads to decide their fate by referendum. Madrid asked the U.N. Security Council to act to halt what it called the Moroccan invasion; the Security Council asked for moderation on



KIDNAP LAIR NEAR DUBLIN

"Feed it to the mice!"

in recent Irish history. The Dublin government has steadfastly refused to meet the desperadoes' demand that three convicted Irish terrorists be released from prison. Kidnaper Eddie Gallagher, 27, and his woman companion, reported to be Marian Coyle, 19, sent police a tape-recorded message by Herrema, who said in a quavering voice: "If you ask for proof that I am alive again, they threaten to cut off my foot and send it to you."

Deadly Risk. "It's a standoff," said one police officer as the long siege of the kidnap hideout began. While a spotter plane kept the house under constant surveillance, armored cars were stationed outside the front door, and more than 200 soldiers and police surrounded the floodlit house. Loudspeaker appeals for the kidnapers' surrender were met with a broadside of obscene oaths from Gallagher. A psychologist was rushed to the scene to listen to conversations in the besieged bedroom that were monitored by sophisticated electronic equipment borrowed from Scotland Yard. Herrema was heard to call hoarsely for food and water. When police offered to send up milk and ham sandwiches, the woman believed to be Marian Coyle retorted: "Feed it to the mice!"

At week's end Gallagher offered to give himself up. But his partner, dubbed "Mad Marian" by the Dublin newspapers, refused to let him and their hostage go. As the deadly risk to Herrema mounted, Irish public opinion was increasingly divided. Initially, Prime Minister Liam Cosgrave's hard-line refusal to compromise was widely approved. Now it is feared that if the kidnapers were killed with their hostage after vain attempts to make a deal, they might become instant martyrs to the I.R.A. cause.



MOROCCAN VOLUNTEERS FOR THE SAHARA MARCH GATHERING IN SOCCER STADIUM IN KENITRA

"Go then under divine protection, helped by your unshakable faith."



WOMEN WAVING TO SAHARA MARCHERS
An endless column in a cloud of dust.

all sides. At the same time, Madrid sent a special envoy, José Solís Ruiz, head of the National Movement, to Marrakech to talk to Hassan. Solís and the King are old friends, and the Spaniard said that their discussions were conducted in "an atmosphere of extraordinary friendliness." The Moroccan government said, however, that Hassan would call off the march only if Spain promised to negotiate with Morocco over the Sahara.

Blue-Robed Troops. The real threat to Hassan's crusade was not Spain but neighboring Algeria, which does not want Morocco's right-wing monarchy to have the phosphate-rich Saharan property. An Algerian-backed leftist movement in the territory, called *Frente Polisario* (People's Front for the Liberation of the Western Sahara), said it would oppose the marchers, by force if necessary. Morocco claimed that Algiers had sent 2,000 of its own troops, disguised as blue-robed nomads, to back up the Polisario's threat. Meanwhile, both Algeria and Morocco reportedly had troops positioned along their southern borders, ready to go to war. Spain insisted that its soldiers would not fire on the crusaders—but it also noted that there are minefields, planted by both the Spanish and Moroccan armies, along the Sahara frontier.

At week's end there were some signs that Hassan's gambit might be producing results. U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim flew to the region to see what he could accomplish, and the Spanish Government announced that it would propose to transfer sovereignty of the Sahara, presumably to Morocco. Thus the invasion was temporarily held up, and the Moroccan marchers waited at the frontier, uncertain whether they would walk across or return

VENEZUELA

Standing Up to the U.S.

"Either we give our democracy social and economic content or we might meet the same fate that has been met by other nations in Latin America." So said Venezuelan President Carlos Andrés Pérez, answering questions about the military threat to democracy in Latin America put by Time Inc. Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan and Chairman of the Board Andrew Heiskell. Pérez, the widely-respected President of an oil-rich nation that is one of Latin America's few democracies, was interrupted by martial music from a military band passing below the window of his office in Caracas' Miraflores Palace. Pérez paused, listened to the brassy march and then added: "That parade just underlines my point, doesn't it?" Some of the President's other points.

ON MILITARY DICTATORSHIPS IN LATIN AMERICA:

In the past, many [Latin American] military dictatorships were very repressive, but now several of them are making an effort in the opposite direction. In any event, they represent a failure of democracy. Part of the responsibility for this situation can be attributed to the U.S. and to the countries of Western Europe. We have been subjected to exploitation, which has prevented us from developing our economies. We have been manipulated by the great powers and the multinational corporations. Whether a government is democratic or dictatorial is not a legitimate matter of concern for them. They only care about how the government behaves toward them and their interests. Of course, we must also assume our share of the responsibility for the present situation, but we believe that there has been a lack of effort on the part of developed nations to foster the economic conditions for democracy in Latin America.

ON CREATING DEMOCRACY ON THE CONTINENT:

If you buy coffee for a given price and the following year you pay one-tenth of the price, and at the same time you double the price of the goods you are selling back, you are creating conditions of poverty and tension that do not lead to democracy. For example, Venezuela has always supplied oil to the U.S. When the [1973 Arab oil] embargo took place, Venezuela not only declined to join it but also increased her production to meet the needs of the American market. Nevertheless, a discriminatory trade law against OPEC members was passed in Congress. This has been used most successfully by the Communists and other anti-American groups in their propaganda.

ON LATIN AMERICAN UNITY: We are many nations and as such have our individual interests. Some years ago, of course, there was no Latin American

community worth referring to. But now bonds of history and communications, as well as the fact that we have all suffered from unfair treatment, have created a Latin America. It is a mistake for the U.S. to ignore this and try to treat us separately. Mr. Kissinger opened a dialogue with Latin America at the conference in Mexico. But instead of continuing this dialogue with the joint group of Latin American countries, he began talking with [them] one by one. The process of Latin American integration is inevitable. It is quite evident that in today's world the survival of small nationalities is becoming impossible. I think this is one of the most important points for the United States to understand. We can see at international forums how Latin America is acting in unity, even in standing up to the United States.

ON THE PANAMA CANAL PROBLEM:

This is going to be the critical point of relations between the United States and Latin America. The unanimous opinion of all Latin American countries is that there should be a new treaty between the United States and Panama returning sovereignty over the canal to Panama. It is not a matter of the U.S. having a base in one corner of the country but of cutting the country in half. Consequently it is a very key issue of sovereignty. If this situation is not resolved, Panama can become a keg of dynamite. The people of Panama cannot defend the canal without the United States. [but] the United States cannot guarantee the safety and security of the canal without the Panamanians. Panama understands that the canal security should continue to depend upon the United States, but in fairness they demand sovereignty over their territory.



PRESIDENT CARLOS ANDRÉS PÉREZ
A parade and a point.

If we run short of wood in the year 2000

Don't say we didn't warn you in 1975.

This is no doomsday message. Just fact.

And the fact is, this country is going to nearly double its demand for wood and wood products by the year 2000, according to the U.S. Forest Service.

The fact is, at the rate we're going, we won't make it. We are growing more trees than we harvest today, but not enough to meet twice the demand 25 years from now.

Is it an impossible task?

No.

We can make it if we move. It's going to take action. Not next month. Or next year. Right now.

We can make it if we answer three very big ifs.

1. If sound management procedures are applied at the state and federal levels on 136 million acres of publicly-owned commercial forest.*

We'll help. The forest industry already has demonstrated what can be done to increase the



basic natural resource. Primarily through more intensive management, industry-owned forestlands produce an average of two-thirds more wood fiber per acre than government-owned lands. Who says? The Forest Service.

2. If the four million private individuals—farmers and others who own 59% of the nation's commercial woodlands—manage their lands for increased timber productivity as well as recreation and wildlife.
3. If we recognize that when large

areas of forest are switched to federal Wilderness areas, they are lost to multiple use—including the timberlands that will help meet the next generation's demand for wood.

Fortunately, trees are a renewable resource. And we need never run short.

If we get at it right now, we can meet this country's demand for wood.

But the three big ifs remain.

If you'd like to find out more about America's renewable resource, write: American Forest Institute, Dept. T-11, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.



Trees. The renewable resource.

*Commercial forest is described as that portion of the total forest which is capable and available for growing trees for harvest. Parks, Wilderness and Primitive Areas are not included.

What a Series!

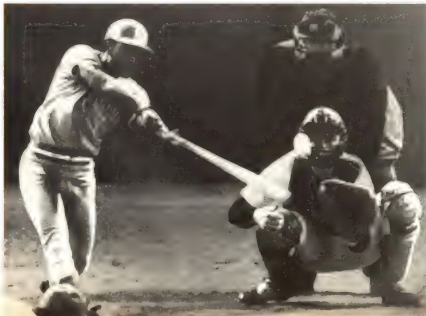
Seventh game: Cincinnati Reds 4 Boston Red Sox 3. World Champions Cincinnati, for the first time in 35 years

Rarely have statistics said less about quality. Even the jubilant crowds that danced in Cincinnati last week will probably remember the Series more for its melodramatics than for the outcome. For a few days, baseball showed why it had once captivated an entire nation.

The first five tense, volatile contests (TIME, Oct. 27) were merely a prelude to the final fireworks. Game six opened with the Reds one win away from the championship. When it ended at 12:33 a.m., they were still one short. "What the hell," said Cincinnati Third Baseman Pete Rose, later voted the Series' most valuable player, "it had to be the greatest World Series game in history." Indeed, aside from Fred Lynn's numbing collision with the centerfield wall after barely missing a long Ken Griffey fly, at least three Red Sox feats outdid Hollywood. There were Pinch Hitter Bernie Carbo's eighth-inning, three-run homer that tied the game; Rightfielder Dwight Evans game-saving catch of a Joe Morgan drive in the eleventh, and, most Homer, Catcher Carlton Fisk's game-winning home run in the twelfth.

Reds' Squeaker. In game seven the pace barely diminished as the Reds, on the strength of slam-bang base running by Rose and decisive hits by Tony Perez and Joe Morgan, won a squeaker and the championship. The *Boston Globe* said it all the next day in a front-page banner headline: REDS WIN—BUT WHAT A YEAR WE HAD! And what a Series.

JOE MORGAN CONNECTING FOR SERIES-WINNING SINGLE IN NINTH INNING OF GAME SEVEN



LYNN FALLS IN PAIN AFTER HITTING WALL



EVANS MAKING SAVING CATCH



ECSTATIC FISK WATCHING HOME RUN



PETE ROSE BREAKING UP DOUBLE PLAY

End of the Gold Rush

The World Football League never had a chance. Launched two years ago, the league immediately ran into problems. Teams padded attendance figures, franchises flitted from town to town, network TV contracts never materialized, and deficits zoomed to \$20 million by the end of the first season. This year, following a reorganization, the "new" W.F.L. did little better. By the time it died last week, few fans cared. Meanwhile, 380 players were jobless. Among them are a handful of celebrated N.F.L. expatriates, including Running Backs Larry Csonka and Jim Kiick and Wide Receiver Paul Warfield from the Miami Dolphins. When, if ever, they can overcome legal entanglements to rejoin the Dolphins or sign with another N.F.L. team is uncertain. What is certain is that an era has ended. The gold-rush days of expansion are over.

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*Light menthol
to make your smoking
fresh and free again.*

Kings, 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Sunbird!

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Wide-Track people.**



Sunbird is a whole new concept for Pontiac.

It's small enough to really ration gas. According to EPA Mileage Guide figures, Sunbird is rated at 35 mpg in the highway test, 22 mpg in the city test.* With its available 140-cu.-in. 2-bbl. engine and manual transmission. These figures are only estimates. The mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment.

Sunbird's 140-cu.-in. engines come with a 5-year/60,000-mile (whichever comes first) guarantee.

Pontiac guarantees to the owners of 1976 Sunbirds with the 140-cu.-in. engine that any authorized Pontiac dealer will make repairs without charge to the owner, during the term of the guarantee, to the cylinder block, cylinder heads, all internal engine parts, the intake and exhaust manifolds and water pump made necessary because of defects in material.

*In California, see your Pontiac dealer for EPA mileage figures and engine-transmission combinations available on California emission-equipped cars.



You've read about them. Now look at them. The available luxury buckets. Did we exaggerate?



Pontiac's new available 5-speed. Fifth acts as an over-drive at highway speeds.



V-6. It's available if you want 231 cubic inches going for you.

and workmanship.

This guarantee is in addition to the New Vehicle warranty but does not apply to repairs required because of misuse, negligence, alteration, accident or lack of reasonable or proper maintenance.

This 5-year/60,000-mile engine guarantee is an added value feature in your 1976 Sunbird. Just try to find an import that can match it!

Not many imports are going to match

Sunbird's interior, either. Order the available luxury buckets and it's downright elegant.

Here's the best part. Sunbird's priced right. That's an important part of being a great little car. And the Wide-Track people just won't build anything else.

PONTIAC  **The Mark of Great Cars.**



*The Silver Martini.
For people who want a silver lining without the cloud.*

Smirnoff Silver. Ninety point four proof. Smirnoff leaves you breathless®

Vision of God's Creation

As the Orient Express sped westward from Istanbul one September day in 1921, a tall, slender young classicist gazed thoughtfully out the window. "I was overwhelmed by the beauty of the Bela Palanka Gorge in the light of the full moon, as our train bore down upon Nish," wrote Arnold Toynbee, who had been covering the Greco-Turkish war for the Manchester *Guardian*. Before he went to sleep that night, he took out a fountain pen and jotted down "a list of topics" on half a sheet of paper.

For almost 40 years, Toynbee developed those same jotted notes into *A Study of History*, his 3 million-word, twelve-volume masterpiece on the rise and fall of civilizations. And when he was done with his originally planned ten volumes, the historian noted the end as precisely as he had noted the beginning: "Finis, London, 1951, June 15, 6.25 p.m., after looking once more this afternoon at Fra Angelico's picture of the beatific vision."

Teaching Thucydides. The son of a social worker this mother was one of the first women in England to earn a university degree. Toynbee studied classics at Balliol College, Oxford, and he was teaching Thucydides there when the first World War broke out. Unfit for the military because of a bout of dysentery, Toynbee spent the war working in the Foreign Office, then roamed the Middle East, and eventually taught at the University of London. He thought he would write his study of history in one long summer vacation. He published the first three volumes in 1934, reached Vol. X in 1954, and finally completed Vol. XII, *Reconsiderations*, in 1961.

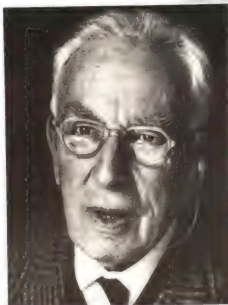
It was Toynbee's destiny to arrive on the historical scene when it was still dominated by the same kind of nationalism that had led to the World War. Toynbee insisted that Britain could only be understood as a small part of Western Christian civilization, and that Western Christianity was only one of five contemporary civilizations. The others: Orthodox Christianity, Islam, Hinduism and the Far East. Toynbee's taxonomy was somewhat arbitrary; he enraged many Jewish scholars by dismissing Judaism as one of several dead cultures that he rated as "fossils"; Africa was ignored almost entirely.

At any rate, Toynbee declared that the 21 civilizations he identified in recorded history had all followed certain patterns of growth and decay. According to what he called the law of "challenge and response," a specific challenge like the shortage of food in preclassical Greece might lead to varying responses (Spartan militarism or Athens' overseas empire), and after a "time of troubles" there would emerge a larger entity that

would attempt to serve as a universal state (nurturing a universal church)—until it collapsed.

Oswald Spengler had been developing somewhat similar theories as early as the first volume of *Decline of the West* in 1918. But while Spengler argued that the decay of civilizations was inexorable and essentially purposeless, Toynbee insisted that man retains his freedom of choice: "I do not believe that civilizations have to die... Civilization is not an organism. It is a product of wills." Moreover, it has a purpose, a dimly perceived but divinely ordained purpose: "History," he wrote, "[is] a vision of God's creation on the move."

Toynbee was not committed to any



HISTORIAN ARNOLD TOYNEEBE IN 1967
Civilization is a product of wills.

one religion. He involved himself deeply in both Christianity and Buddhism but called himself an agnostic. God, he said, was a feeling that "wells up from a deeper level of the psyche." As for man's relationship to that sacred force, Toynbee once used a metaphor from his own dreams. In this dream, he said, he had seen himself holding onto the foot of the crucifix high above the altar of the Benedictine Abbey of Ampleforth in Yorkshire. Then he heard a voice call out in flawless Latin: "*Amplexus expecta*—Cling and wait."

Toynbee's work attracted relatively little attention and less praise when it first appeared. Reviewing the first three volumes in 1935, the *Journal of Modern History* sniffed: "A Gargantuan feast shall we say? Or is it hash and not chopped up fine enough at that?" In 1947, however, in the postwar search for

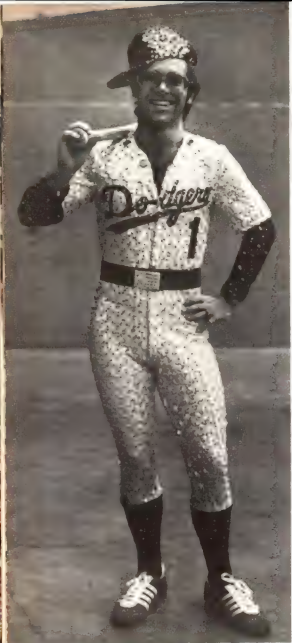
international understanding, Toynbee suddenly experienced the truth of the Victor Hugo remark about an idea whose time has come. A one-volume abridgment of the first six books of the study sold a phenomenal quarter of a million copies. (An abridgment of Vols. VII to X appeared in 1957.)

International Sage. Even then Toynbee had his critics, who accused him of romanticism, vagueness and even factual error. But he had become an international sage, like Einstein, Schweitzer or Bertrand Russell, who was asked for his opinion on all manner of subjects. A mild and white-haired figure, married to his longtime research assistant, Veronica Boulter, this 33-year first

marriage ended in divorce in 1946). Toynbee frequently visited U.S. universities and once commented that the things he liked best about the U.S. were Bing Crosby and peanut butter. Not all his views were so benign. When he was 80, he declared in the autobiographical *Experiences* that the U.S. (in Viet Nam) and Israel (in Palestine) were partners in colonialism. As recently as last year, he wrote in the *Observer* that fuel shortages might well lead to authoritarian governments in the West, but he added hopefully that "a society that is declining materially may be ascending spiritually." Indeed, his view of the future became almost mystical: "In the 21st century, human life is going to be a unity again in all its aspects..."

Last week, when Toynbee died at 86 in a York nursing home of the aftereffects of a stroke, the British obituaries were somewhat restrained. The *Guardian* observed that

"his scheme of universal history was too absolute, and even his immense erudition too vulnerable... for his most ambitious work to prevail among contemporary generations." But some of those contemporaries were more generous. Harvard's Samuel Eliot Morison said that "he was one of the few people who dared to write on the broad sweep of history." Daniel Boorstin, recently confirmed as the new Librarian of Congress, commented that "few historians have spent themselves so unstintingly or so effectively in the effort to transcend the provincialism of their time and place." Toynbee felt that there was a kind of intellectual provincialism, too, in what he called "the dogma that 'life is just one damned thing after another,'" for he himself had "a lifetime conviction that human affairs do not become intelligible until they are seen as a whole."



ELTON JOHN SPARKLES IN LOS ANGELES



PLAYGIRL CHRISTIE & PAPA HEF

The stance is early Abner Doubleday; the batsman is Captain Fantastic himself, Rock Star **Elton John**. All dandied up in a sequined white Dodger uniform (designed by **Cher's** own dressmaker, **Bob Mackie**), Elton had come to play a pair of concerts at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles. In real life, of course, Elton has never swung a baseball bat in anger. "What I have played is a game called rounders," said the bespectacled singer. "It's the English equivalent of baseball and not nearly as violent. None of that sliding into bases and trying to get the guy with your cleats." With 110,000 tickets sold to his rock doubleheader, Elton seemed more concerned with his sequins than his slide anyway. His uniform's cost? "Two thousand," said Elton. "But that's just a ballpark figure."

It was a very bad deal indeed, at least in the opinion of **Thomas Austin Preston Jr.**, a.k.a. **Amarillo Slim**, 46. Preston, who parlayed his 1972 victory in Las Vegas' World Series of Poker into a tour of TV talk shows and a movie role in *California Split*, was arrested by his home-town police in Amarillo, Texas, last week. Charged with felonious bookmaking on football games, the lanky, slow-talking gambler drew a short stay in Potter County jail before his release on \$25,000 bail. "I was at the wrong place at the wrong time," complained Preston later, adding that he would surely win his case when all the cards were down.

With his competitors multiplying like rabbits, *Playboy* Emperor **Hugh Hefner**, 49, has recruited help for his troubled hutch. Starting Nov. 1, his new "special assistant" will be **Christie Hefner**, 22. Hef's own willowy brunette daughter. "I'll be listening and learning about the entire corporation and placing problems in front of my father that need his attention," says Christie, who has been following her father's "Playboy Philosophy" since she was 18 and began rooming with a college boy friend. Alas, she will apparently disappoint feminist critics of the bare-skin magazine. "My presence speaks for itself," she asserts loftily, "and belies the chauvinist claims against *Playboy*."

"I hope I'll still be sexy," fretted German-born Actress **Elke Sommer**, who faces her 34th birthday next week and an upcoming stage role as an older woman in *Cactus Flower*. Male viewers of Sommer's newest movie, *The Net*, will



ELKE TRIES BOOTS & LEATHER

probably see little cause for her concern. Cast as a kittenish prostitute on the run from a maniacal killer, Elke displays her talents in one scene through an all-leather outfit she bought in Chicago. "I loved it and wanted to wear it barefoot during the filming in Rome," she recalled. Not so Director **Manfred Purzer**, who quickly ordered his star to buy a pair of snake-skin boots. However, the footwear footage ended up on the cutting-room floor, and the \$700 Italian boots were consigned to a far corner of Elke's closet.

"I think people were a little confused. They don't think symphonies should be funny," said Painter, Composer and Author (*Clockwork Orange*) **Anthony Burgess** after hearing his *Symphony C* performed for a bewildered but appreciative audience at the University of Iowa. The avant-garde composition began "as an English dance rhapsody and developed into a symphony more or less against my will," explained Burgess. Its finale is "corny, full of schmalz, with a mandolin tinkling away in the background," and at the end "the orchestra plays a single fortissimo chord of C major and everybody goes off for a drink."

The music's mystery may be rooted in its unusual creation. Burgess, 58, wrote at least half of his symphony while on a lecture tour of the U.S. earlier this year. "The score was sent to [Conductor] James Dixon from Oshkosh, Wis., without my having checked a note of it aurally," he confessed. "Holiday Inns have Muzak but no pianos."

She became one of the highest-paid models of the 1960s with an 84-lb. body and measurements of 32-22-32. Now weightier by a scant 7 lbs. **Twiggy**, 26, arrived at London's Ritz Hotel last week to plug her new autobiography and announce that she is branching out into matrimony. Her intended: American Actor **Michael Whitney**, 42. "She isn't much of a cook, but she makes a fabulous egg-and-chips and spaghetti sauce," says Whitney of his fiancée, whom he met more than two years ago. Though her modeling and acting careers have faded, the future bride still plans to make an album of love songs before easing into the role of housewife. "I believe that a girl has to be the homey sort to keep her man," says Twigs, who intends to dish up the eggs-and-chips in Rome, where Whitney will soon be making a movie. "He is a bit of a gypsy," she allows. "I would never let him be there by himself with all those fabulous Italian birds."

He is still No. 1 with the jeté set, but at 37, Ballet Star **Rudolf Nureyev** may be feeling a bit creaky of knee. Friends report that he has considered an acting career, and the aging dancer has been showing up at a London studio to cut his first record. Nureyev, who defected from the Soviet Union in 1961, read the title role of Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat* (*The Soldier's Tale*) in lightly accented English. He then described his trepidation at leaving his silent art even temporarily. "I usually don't have the courage," confessed Nureyev, "but I arrange

things so that I can't escape." Nervous or not, he apparently intends to keep at it. Next spring he will team up with French Mime **Marcel Marceau**, who will play the devil, and make a film of *L'Histoire*.

Marlene Dietrich rejuvenated? No, the net stockings and tux belong to Swiss-born Actress **Marthe Keller**, 29, whose comedy role in *Le Gueprier* (*The Horner's Nest*) casts her as an entertainer who has Dietrich's looks but none of her talent. With almost a dozen European films to her credit, Keller has now begun her first American movie, *Marathon Man*, starring **Dustin Hoffman** and **Laurence Olivier**. How do her new costars compare with the likes of Italy's **Marcello Mastroianni** and France's **Yves Montand**? "It's a question of geography, of one's country," answers Keller. "Marcello is always thinking of eating. He's sensual. Montand is professional in the French way and very charming. Dustin is profound, passionate and funny."

"We eloped and there was no honeymoon. She's always been sad that there wasn't a white wedding," observed **Roger Smith**, former sleuth on TV's *77 Sunset Strip* and the husband-manager of Actress **Ann-Margret** for the past eight years. So, in an upcoming television special titled *Ann-Margret Smith*, the pair will say their vows once more, this time with the groom in top hat and gray cutaway and the bride in white. That done, they will cycle into the sunset, tin cans trailing behind their Harley-Davidson. "Weddings are more fun the second time around, especially with the same man," claimed the again bride-to-be. Said Smith: "Maybe that's something Liz Taylor would understand."



KELLER GETS A LEG UP

RUDOLF NUREYEV LIMBERS HIS VOICE



ROGER SMITH & ANN-MARGRET PREPARE TO WHEEL AWAY ON A SECOND HONEYMOON

A Life in the Balance

"Take her from the machine and let her pass into the hands of the Lord... If he wants her to live in a natural state, he'll create a miracle and she'll live. If he wants her to die, she will be off all the artificial means and she'll die whenever he calls her."

Joseph Quinlan, a modest drug-company section supervisor, loves his adopted daughter, Karen Anne. That is why the squarely built man with the short graying hair found himself in court last week, pleading for permission to let her die. Karen, 21, has been in a coma since the early morning of April 15, her breathing maintained by a machine called a respirator. By all accounts she has shriveled into something scarcely human. She weighs only 60 lbs., and she is unable to move a muscle, to speak or to think. One doctor testified last week that she had become an "anencephalic monster." Another described her simply as "grotesque." Yet she is undeniably alive. Which is why her parents' efforts to end her stunted existence reached a court of law.

Now Superior Court Judge Robert Muir Jr., 43, a relative newcomer to the bench but a man with a reputation for doing his legal homework, confronts the most difficult kind of decision any judge can face, a decision with a life in the balance. Because it deals with some of the most fundamental aspects of human existence, the Quinlan case has become the focus of increasing attention from doctors, lawyers and moral thinkers (TIME, Sept. 29 and Oct. 27), but it is up to Muir alone to rule whether there is a point beyond which life need no longer be preserved. He must rule whether it is legally permissible to remove the artificial devices that are keeping another human being in the twilight zone between life and death.

In the midst of its new notoriety, New Jersey's Morris County Courthouse remains a quiet, old-fashioned sort of place. George Washington wintered his troops in Morristown in 1777, and handsome 19th century houses still stand near the village green. The courthouse is a three-story Georgian building shaded by yellowing oaks, and the paw-like benches in Courtroom No. 1 have room for only about 110 spectators, with space for another 30 in the white-paneled balco-

ny. The seats are packed every day, mostly with reporters from as far away as Tokyo and London; there are a few students, and one white-bearded eccentric called Prophet Dan, who claims he could cure the stricken girl. Dominating the courtroom, just behind the witness stand, is a huge (3 ft. by 5 ft.) diagram of the human brain, with all the parts clearly labeled—cerebellum, brain stem, pons, medulla.

The trial that has attracted so much attention is an adversary proceeding in which there are no enemies. Neither the doctors who refused the Quinlans' request to remove Karen from her respirator nor the guardian appointed by the court to represent her nor the attorneys who represent the legal rights of the county and the state—none of these rival authorities can avoid a sense of uneasiness at prolonging the anguish of Joseph Quinlan and his wife Julia Ann. Their court argument is really a search for answers to questions for which there are no clear legal precedents.

Nor are there any satisfactory explanations for how Karen got into her appalling situation. She was born of unknown parents in Pennsylvania and adopted by the Quinlans when she was four weeks old. The Quinlans still think of her as a friendly, outgoing girl, a fine skier and swimmer, who occasionally picked up a few extra dollars by singing in church. Friends from Morris Catholic High School, from which Karen graduated in 1972, describe her as quiet, but popular with the boys. Her employer at a ceramics company in Ledgewood, N.J., where she was a production worker until she was laid off in a company cutback in August 1974, remembers her as a good, hard worker.

Those who knew Karen in the last few months of her active life paint a different picture. Shortly after losing her job, she moved out of her parents' home and into a world of casual employment and even more casual friendships. For a while, she shared a house on a lake with two young men; somewhere along the line, she began experimenting with drugs. Several friends describe her as an occasional marijuana user and frequent pill-popper, who took "uppers" and "downers" to suit her moods.

Drugs were probably responsible for her current condition. On April 14, ap-

parently depressed over personal problems, she took some tranquilizers, then went to a bar to celebrate a friend's birthday. After drinking gin and tonic, she began, as one friend put it, "to nod out." Thomas French, 22, helped Karen out of the tavern, then the group took her home and put her to bed, where she passed out. When French looked in on her a few moments later, he realized that she was more than drunk. "I just looked at her and I realized she wasn't breathing," he remembers. While he attempted to revive her with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, another friend called an ambulance. But even though French and the emergency crew that rushed her to the hospital were able to get Karen breathing again, she never regained consciousness.

For a while, Karen's parents kept hoping that she would recover. As their testimony in court revealed, Mrs. Quinlan was the first to accept the inevitable, followed shortly after that by her two natural children, Mary Ellen, 19, and John, 17. But Joseph Quinlan kept talking about a miracle. His own parish priest, the Rev. Thomas Trapasso, said, "I was beginning to fear that Joe was not in touch with reality." The priest had to persuade him that Catholic theology does not require that life be preserved indefinitely by artificial and extraordinary means (see box, page 58). In early September, Quinlan testified, he gave up. "In my own mind, I had already resolved this spiritually through my prayers, and I had placed Karen's body and soul into the gentle, loving hands of the Lord... It was resolved that we would turn the machine off."

The Quinlans signed a statement authorizing Drs. Robert Morse and Arshad Javed to shut off the respirator. Unaware of the legal and moral implications of such an act and unwilling to risk a charge of malpractice, the physicians refused. Quinlan then turned to the law and asked Judge Muir to name him Karen's guardian so that he could authorize her removal from the machine. Muir responded by asking the county prosecutor to show cause why he should not be prevented from prosecuting if the machine were stopped. Muir also appointed a public defender to protect the unconscious Karen's legal rights.

As the key witness last week, Quinlan spoke in a voice so low that he could barely be understood by those at the rear of the courtroom. He denied that he wanted to end his daughter's life, arguing that her life would go on after death. "Terminate is a word that I don't particularly like," he said. "I want to put her back into a natural state. This is the Lord's will."

Next day Quinlan's wife Julia Ann took the stand and testified that if her daughter were able to make a choice,

Illustration for TIME by Linda Guymon

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she would surely not want survival as a subhuman being. "Life was very important to her and very dear to her," said Mrs. Quinlan. "But the way that she could live her life was also very important to her." Mrs. Quinlan said that she and her daughter had seen what incurable cases of cancer could do to people and their families, and she insisted that Karen was against the artificial prolongation of life. "Mommy, please don't ever let them keep me alive with any extraordinary means," Mrs. Quinlan quoted Karen as saying. She added: "I cannot say that those were her exact words... but to her life was very dear and she wanted to enjoy life. And that's why when I see her in this condition, I know in my heart as her mother it is not what Karen would want to be."

Lori Gaffney, 18, a longtime friend, had also discussed the cancer of another acquaintance's mother with Karen. "Karen stated that if it was her, she would not want to be kept alive by machines under any circumstances."

Several doctors were called to the witness stand to testify on Karen's disastrous condition. Dr. Fred Plum, a professor of neurology at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center in Manhattan, described her condition as a "persistent vegetative state." After apologizing to the family for the pain his words would cause, Dr. Sidney Diamond, a neurologist at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, explained Plum's diagnosis in graphic terms. Said Diamond: "She was lying in bed, emaciated, curled up; every joint was bent into a flexion posture making a tight fetal position. Her eyes, which were open at the time moved together... they darted about." During the five minutes he observed Karen, Diamond said, "she had five paroxysms during which she would tighten even more; there would be a forced expulsion of air, some of which escaped through the cuff around the trachea and produced a sound. Nothing external provoked it."

None of the medical experts held out any hope that Karen could ever recover. Dr. Julius Korein, a neurologist at Bellevue Hospital in Manhattan, said it most dramatically when he likened Karen to a child without a brain. Karen, he made clear, is not in a "locked-in" syndrome—i.e., a state in which she sees, hears or understands but cannot communicate. She is, said Korein, a vegetable. His description was so disturbing that Mrs. Quinlan, who had maintained her composure throughout the proceedings, slipped quietly from the room.

And yet Diamond insisted that the machine could not be turned off, for "no physician will ever interrupt a device that is performing lifesaving functions." The experts agreed that despite the seriousness of Karen's condition, she meets none of the accepted criteria for determining death. She has not suffered

"brain death," the legal measure of death in eight states—though not New Jersey. An electroencephalograph shows that there is still brain activity. She has, on occasion, breathed spontaneously, for up to half an hour, though most experts doubt that she could do so much longer without the aid of the respirator.

The lawyers in the case have already set forth their widely divergent arguments. Paul Armstrong, the attorney who represents the Quinlans, acknowledges that there is no question about Karen's being alive. But he insists that her parents as guardians have a responsibility to look after her best interests. They also have a constitutional right to end her medical treatment on the basis

of them to the detriment of the state, society or the particular person."

Attorneys representing the hospital and the doctors involved in the case take yet another tack. The hospital's lawyer, Theodore Einhorn, urges the court to leave the patient to her doctors, who are best qualified to decide how to treat her. Ralph Porzio, counsel for Morse and Javed, agrees. If the court authorizes an action that may end Karen's life, he says, "hundreds of thousands of people who are confined to institutions for the chronically ill" will be affected. They "may be in a condition similar to Karen's and you can terminate their lives."

Outsiders who have followed the case are similarly divided. Doctors acknowledge that they occasionally prac-



SPECTATORS CROWDING INTO MORRIS COUNTY COURTHOUSE FOR QUINLAN CASE
Seeking answers to questions without precedents.

of guarantees of religious freedom, protection against cruel and unusual punishment and the right to privacy as spelled out in the First, Eighth and Fourteenth Amendments. "The court," said Armstrong, "certainly can determine, given the form of existence for Karen, that it would be for her best interest to remove the respirator."

Daniel Coburn, a part-time public defender who represents Karen, disagrees. Although he has retreated slightly from his earlier claim that Karen could recover, he still insists that the court must protect her constitutional "right to life." New Jersey Deputy Attorney General David S. Baine takes a similar stand. Says he: "Although one has the right to hold religious beliefs, one does not have the right to practice

tice 'judicious neglect,' deciding, for example, against reviving a terminal cancer patient who has just gone into cardiac arrest or performing corrective surgery on a hopelessly retarded infant with a serious heart condition as well. Indeed, many doctors admit that the withholding of extraordinary medical care is a not uncommon practice at both ends of the life spectrum. Dr. Raymond Duff, for instance, revealed in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in 1974 that of 299 infants who died over a 2½-year period at Yale-New Haven Hospital, 43 had been allowed to die, after consultation with their parents, because of hereditary or congenital abnormalities.

Doctors defend such decisions as a part of the practice of medicine. "What is the point," asks one Manhattan phy-

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sician, "of restarting a terminal cancer patient's stopped heart so that he can survive in agony for a few more weeks?" But almost all doctors are decidedly uneasy about terminating treatment once it has been started, especially if doing so will mean the certain death of a patient. Many doctors, after all, are taught to regard death as an enemy and to do all they can to defeat it—or at least to keep it at bay for a while. Many regard "pulling the plug" as an act akin to euthanasia, which is forbidden by both law and the medical code.

Still several surgeons sympathize with the Quinlans. "At this point in the process of dying, it is the survivors who count," says the University of Chicago's Dr. Chase P. Kimball. "I personally feel that individuals do not have a right over their body after a certain point in the life-death phase. It becomes the responsibility of those closest to them."

Exercising this responsibility would be easier if the courts were not involved, says Kimball. "A physician's task is to aid the patient, not to make the patient suffer unduly, and to use his judgment

when to prolong and when not to prolong life. A court cannot decide in total detail what a physician is to do."

Doctors are not alone in their disapproval of a court's involvement in the case. "Some decisions are beyond the law's competence to make with any rigor or confidence in being right," says University of Chicago Law Professor Franklin Zimring. Questions of this kind are often decided outside the courtroom, according to Stanley Price, an attorney who also lectures at the University of California at Los Angeles School of Pub-

If Death Shall Be No More

When Joseph and Julia Quinlan asked that their daughter be allowed to die, they had the full support of their Roman Catholic priest, Father Thomas Trapasso of Our Lady of the Lake Church. Said he: "Extraordinary means are not morally required to prolong life." The vice chancellor of his diocese, Father Herbert Tillyer, agreed: "There is a profound difference between killing someone and allowing a person to spend his or her last few hours or days free from the maze of machinery that is beautiful only so long as there is hope for some recovery."

Other Catholics did not agree. As the case went to trial last week, Vatican Radio broadcast an interview with Corrado Manni, a physician at Rome's Catholic University who specializes in resuscitation. He remarked that a decision to remove the respirator that is keeping Karen Quinlan alive would be "extremely dangerous," and his fellow doctors must not accept even an indirect form of euthanasia (mercy killing), "which renounces therapy." The Vatican daily *L'Osservatore Romano* then published a similar commentary by one of its staff members, Father Gino Concetti. He wrote: "It is impossible to support the claim of the right of death with dignity." A right to death does not exist.

Love for life, even a life reduced to a 'ruin,' drives one to protect life with every possible care."

Is this then the Vatican view? Father Trapasso's diocesan authorities insisted that both comments were merely private opinions, an accurate statement since only unsigned editorials in *L'Osservatore* are used to reflect papal thinking. In Rome, one theology professor fumed, "Concetti is no moral theologian, and what he wrote is stupid." Said Father Sean O'Riordan, a moral theologian at Rome's Alphonsianum College: "Concetti's article is clearly contrary to the teachings of Pope Pius XII and the unanimous moral tradition existing for centuries."

Many theologians make a sharp distinction between euthanasia and allowing the patient to die a natural death,



PARISH PRIEST THOMAS TRAPASSO

usually by failing to take extraordinary or heroic measures. Direct action to kill people who suffer pain or are deemed worthless has always been opposed by both Christianity and Judaism (in contrast to many of the religions and philosophies of the ancient world). It was a simple matter of applying the general commandment against murder: "The innocent and just man thou shalt not put to death" (*Exodus 23:7*).

But Christianity, in common with a large body of secular thought, also holds that the patient, the family and their doctors are not morally required to use every conceivable means to sustain a damaged life. In Catholicism, which has the most developed literature on such questions, one notable exponent of this view was the brilliant 17th century Spanish Cardinal Juan de Lugo, who said "ordinary" efforts are required, but "extraordinary" methods are not.

The definition of what is "extraor-

dinary" varies not only with individual cases but with medical advances. In the centuries when moral theology was developing the distinction, surgical operations that would be routine today were dangerous or unbearably painful and thus extraordinary; on the other hand, many of today's extraordinary measures were then unknown. Whatever the ambiguities, there is no doubt that use of the respirator in the Quinlan case falls within Catholicism's definition of "extraordinary." In 1957 when Pope Pius XII reaffirmed the centuries-old view on "extraordinary" means in an address to anesthesiologists, he included removal of a respirator "to allow the patient who is already virtually dead to pass away in peace." A few years later, a Church of England study pamphlet said all such life-support machines should have only one purpose: to keep vital organs going until doctors can tell whether the organs can ever again function on their own.

While most Catholic spokesmen have rallied behind the Quinlans, at least one Protestant, surprisingly, has come out against any court ruling in their favor. Ethicist Thomas C. Oden of New Jersey's Drew University is concerned mainly about establishing a precedent that could weaken the legal barriers against all kinds of euthanasia. That concern is discounted, however, by fellow Methodist Paul Ramsey of Princeton University, author of *The Patient as Person* (Yale University Press). Says Ramsey: "Everybody has reason to fear the onset of euthanasia, but it doesn't seem to me that a carefully drawn court opinion would be the edge of the wedge toward active killing of terminal patients." Ramsey regrets that the Quinlans took their case to court for the opposite reason. He thinks the judge may be forced to rule against them and thus set a precedent in favor of nonstop treatment until patients "at long last succeed in dying, despite our machines."

As Ramsey and others have noted, death is a dread enemy to Christians, but it is not ultimately evil. In John Donne's words, "One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally." And death shall be no more, death thou shalt die."

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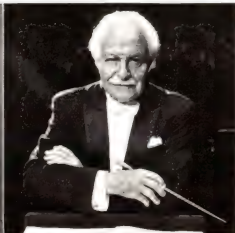
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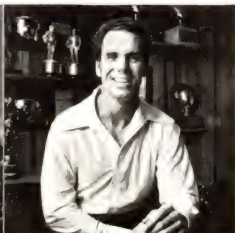
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lic Health. Price believes that the Quinlan case has become a *cause célèbre* mainly because of doctors' growing concern over malpractice suits, which have increased significantly during the past decade. Says Dr. Laurens White of San Francisco: "Karen's luck ran out when the doctor put her on the respirator. Maybe, if she's lucky, she'll have a cardiac arrest."

Some people who share the Quinlans' view have signed documents called "living wills" directing their families and physicians not to use extraordinary methods to keep them alive if they become seriously ill and have no reasonable hope of recovery. But a great many others admit that, when faced with death, the natural reaction is to cling to life. Robert Cleath, 47, a speech professor at California Polytechnic State University and a part-time Presbyterian minister in Cambria, Calif., has watched in anguish while his son Rob, now 23, has vegetated in a coma since an auto accident five years ago. Even though Rob shows no signs of recovery, his father has no intention of letting him die. "Why? Because I love my son. God is the author of life and no one has the right to take a life, not even his own."

The law provides little guidance in such cases. The courts have yet to establish that there is any constitutional "right to die."

The New Jersey Supreme Court has held that a member of Jehovah's Witnesses did not have the right to refuse a blood transfusion on religious grounds. On several occasions, courts have named doctors as guardians in order to assure that children will be given treatments that parents, for whatever personal or religious reasons, are unwilling to provide.

Nor have the courts always acted consistently in other, related cases. Though euthanasia, or deliberate mercy killing, is still regarded as murder, the courts have generally dealt lightly with those accused of it. Juries in such cases have shown a reluctance to convict; even when they do, judges have usually been lenient in their sentencing. In a 1968 case in Illinois, for example, a 69-year-old man admitted to suffocating his crippled wife and then attempting to take his own life. The judge, on his own initiative, withdrew the man's guilty plea, entered a judgment of not guilty and sent him home with his son.

There is also a growing feeling that people do have the right to refuse treatment that might painfully prolong lives. A Florida court ruled in 1971 that a terminally ill woman had a right to decline treatment that would, at best, provide her with a short, painful extension of her life. Said the court: "It is not in the interest of justice for this court of equity to order that she be kept alive against her will."

In the midst of all these uncertainties, Judge Muir gave only the barest

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hint of how he would rule. Asked by the Quinlans' attorney to visit Karen in the hospital, Muir declined. "I don't think it's appropriate for me to go see her," he replied. "I'm an ordinary human being with ordinary thoughts and ordinary emotions. My position in this case is to decide on the basis of the evidence presented. Emotion is an aspect that I cannot decide a case on."

If Muir decides to grant the Quinlans' request, and if he is upheld on appeal, he will have set a precedent that could have enormous implications. For although the Quinlan case concerns mainly the maintenance of life by artificial means, it could, if carried to its logical conclusion, be applied in state hospitals, institutions for the mentally retarded and for the elderly. Such places currently house thousands of people who have neither hope nor prospects of a life



STATUE OF VIRGIN MARY OUTSIDE KAREN'S HOUSE; JOSEPH & JULIA ANN QUINLAN AT HOME



BAR WHERE KAREN COLLAPSED



that even approaches normality. A decision to remove Karen's life-support system could prompt new suits by parents seeking to end the agony of incurably afflicted children, or by children seeking to shorten the suffering of aged and terminally ill parents. If Muir insists that Karen must be maintained on the machine, the impact of his decision will be equally important. Medical resources are in short supply at even the best-equipped of hospitals, and doctors, whether they admit it or not, must perform some sort of triage, or sorting, deciding which patients can be helped and which cannot. If they are forbidden to make any decision to shorten a life, they may be forced to maintain with machines many patients who have no hope of true survival.

The outcome of the case of Karen Quinlan will thus be historic. However he decides, Judge Muir will not merely be interpreting the law. He will be making it.

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Little Charade?

It took a Raleigh, N.C., jury 78 minutes last summer to agree that the state had not proved that convicted Burglar Joan Little had murdered her guard with an ice pick during a jailbreak. Was the case as weak as that swift verdict implied? Not at all, claims, of all people, Little's attorney, Jerry Paul. Paul told the New York Times last week that though he thinks Little is innocent, the acquittal proved less about justice than about the ineptness of the prosecution and the power of \$325,000, which the defense spent on the case. The judge contends the money made no difference.

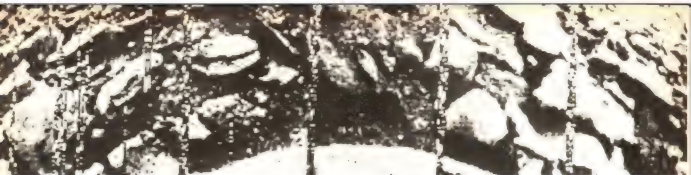
The prosecutors, Paul claims, ignored evidence that might have swayed the jury: a clipping of a comic-strip version of an Old Testament episode that Little had used as a bookmark in her Bible, which was found after the killing. The clipping, which prosecutors in-



Jael nailing enemy leader
Money and ineptness.

sist they have never seen, showed an Israelite woman, Jael, luring an enemy into her tent, then driving a nail into his head while he slept. The fact that the prosecution did not use the strip, contended Paul, a persistent court critic, only bolstered his cynicism. Given an undistinguished prosecutor and a clever defense attorney with money, a trial, Paul says, can become a "charade."

Such talk may go over well on the lecture circuit, where Paul has become something of a celebrity. But some lawyers believe that Paul's remarks may hurt Joan Little. An appeals court is expected to rule next month on the conviction that originally put her in jail. This time around the judges will doubtless examine the case very closely to make sure that no one will be able to complain about their justice. If the conviction is ultimately upheld, Joan Little will face up to ten years in jail.



VENUS' ROCKY SURFACE AS SEEN BY VENERA 9. STRIPES WERE FORMED BY BREAKS IN TV SIGNALS FOR TRANSMISSION OF OTHER DATA

Venus Observed

I can tell from here ... what the inhabitants of Venus are like; they resemble the Moors of Granada; a small, black people, burned by the sun, full of wit and fire, always in love, writing verse, fond of music, arranging festivals, dances and tournaments every day

—Bernard de Fontenelle, 1686

After reconnoitering cloud-covered Venus with eight separate unmanned spacecraft—three American and five Russian, including two Soviet landing vehicles—scientists are now certain that De Fontenelle's Eden is, in fact, more

like Dante's Inferno. Its surface temperature is a hellish 900° F. Its atmosphere, consisting largely of carbon dioxide, is at least 90 times as thick as the earth's, producing crushing surface pressures of 1,500 lbs. per sq. in. Its clouds are laden with sulfuric acid. Yet a major mystery remains: Why has a planet so like the earth in size, mass and density evolved in such a dramatically different way?

Hoping to answer that planetary puzzle, the Soviets last June launched two more unmanned spacecraft, Venera (Venus) 9 and 10. Last week, after arcing across 186 million miles of space, the first of the probes approached its target and released a small lander, emblazoned

with hammer and sickle. After deploying a balloon-like French-designed parachute system, the vehicle descended slowly through the atmosphere and made a soft landing. Prechilled in the coldness of space, the probe's instruments survived 53 minutes on the torrid surface—three minutes longer than the last Russian lander. They radioed a flood of data, including the first photographic image of the hidden Venusian landscape—a jumble of large jagged rocks rather than the sandy desert expected by some experts. Said Project Scientist Boris Nepoklonov: "We thought there couldn't be rocks on Venus [because] they would all be annihilated by

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SCIENCE

constant wind and temperature erosion, but here they are, with edges absolutely not blunted. This picture makes us reconsider all our concepts of Venus."

While the lander transmitted its historic picture, the first from another planet's surface, the mother ship swung into orbit around Venus to become its first satellite (Venus has no known natural moons) and continued to transmit information on its environment. At week's end, Moscow announced that Venera-10 had repeated its twin's triumph.

The last U.S. craft to venture near Venus was Mariner 10; it took the first closeup pictures of the Venusian clouds in February 1974 en route to the sun's innermost planet, Mercury. In 1978 NASA hopes to launch an equally ambitious probe. A Pioneer spacecraft will drop five separate exploratory packages into Venus' atmosphere—provided, of course, that budget cutters do not kill the mission before it gets off the ground.

The UFO Clans Gather

Some of the participants slipped out to watch a rerun of an old *Star Trek* episode. But most of the 350 delegates were more dedicated. After all, what brought them together last week in Fort Smith, Ark., was the world's first "serious" international UFO conference. It was also the first such gathering attended by U.S. official representatives.

As usual, the believers lambasted the Air Force and other authorities for suppressing UFO reports. Astronomer J. Allen Hynek of Northwestern University, the ranking UFO investigator and author of the recent book, *The UFO Experience*, accused the Air Force of "pig-nosing every UFO sighting as either conventional aircraft, balloons or natural phenomena in order to produce statistics showing a low number of unexplained cases."

Perhaps. But the conference heard little new evidence to shake skeptics, presumably including the observers from the Federal Aviation Administration and the North American Air Defense Command. Before repeating the tale of his brief "capture" by a spacecraft that landed near Pascagoula, Miss., in 1973, fisherman Charles Hickson prudently refused to go through with a promised polygraph examination. On one thing the conferees did agree: in the future the squabbling UFO groups—the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) and the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP)—will pool their findings and allow Hynek's new Center for UFO Studies in Evanston, Ill., to act as a worldwide data bank. The irrepressible Hynek seemed equal to the honor. Declaring that far too much time has already been wasted trying to convince nonbelievers of the reality of UFOs, he said, "We need to stop arguing the existence of the eggs and get down to cooking the omelet."

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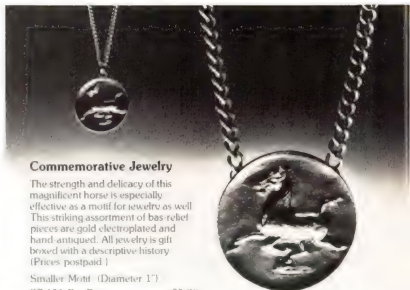
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Going for Baroque

After it was all over, Librettist Giacomo Rossi did not know whether to brag or complain, and so did both. The composer, said Rossi, "scarcely gave me the time to write, and to my great wonder I saw an entire opera put to music by that surprising genius, with the greatest of perfection, in only two weeks." The genius was George Frideric Handel then 26. The opera was *Rinaldo*, conceived, composed and staged for London's Haymarket Theater in 1711. Based on an epic about the Crusades by Torquato Tasso, the opera tells the story of the Christian general Rinaldo and the Saracen queen Armida. It is a spectacular mixture of pagan magic, military pomp, vocal fireworks and other trap-

the late 18th century. During the 19th century, romanticism buried it completely. That *Rinaldo* has only now come along as an afterthought of the post-World War II Baroque revival testifies to two things: the unadventurousness of the average opera company and the scarcity of the special type of virtuoso singer required for the title role.

In David Gockley, 32, the Houston Grand Opera has a general director who will take a chance on the unfamiliar and still pack the house. In Marilyn Horne, singing the pants role of *Rinaldo* for the first time, the company has a guest performer who not only can go easily from velvety mezzo caresses to sparkling high soprano *fiorture*, but also has the sheer power and poise to make the music conform to her character's needs. Horne sings as though she has never had a finer, more rewarding role. That comes close to being the case. Mezzos have an abundance of supporting parts, often villainesses, in their repertory (Amneris in *Aida*, Ortrud in *Lohengrin*), but few star vehicles. Horne is trying to interest the Metropolitan Opera in *Rinaldo*, and the Met would do well to listen.

War Machine. The work is true grand opera. Baroque audiences loved a good show. Handel gave it to them, and in Houston so did Director Frank Corsaro. Armida, a kind of ancestor of the Queen of the Night, arrives in a cloud of darkness and swirling smoke, surrounded by a small zoo of reptiles and other phantasmagoric creatures played by dancers. The staging of the final battle between the Christians and the Saracens is a novel affair that can only be called acro-choreography: dancers and acrobats pirouette, somersault, tumble and flip high above the stage in stylized but effective combat. All the while, Horne, as Rinaldo, looks on from atop a grim, menacing war machine. It is a memorable image.

For *Rinaldo*, Handel wrote some of his most striking orchestral music. The blaring forth of four trumpets and drums in Rinaldo's last-act aria "*Ora la tromba*" was an effect that dazzled early 18th century audiences, and it still sounds good today. With a chamber orchestra drawn from the Houston Symphony, Conductor Lawrence Foster, the symphony's regular leader since 1972, makes his players key members of the drama. He cannot draw from Sopranos Evelyn Mandac (Almirena) and Noelle Rogers (Armida) the Baroque bravura he gets from Horne, but Mandac is an especially lovely singer with a bright future. In Samuel Ramey (Argante), Foster has a bass baritone of extraordinary dramatic and lyric gifts, and it is easy to see why Ramey is fast filling the shoes and cape of the late Norman Treigle in Houston at the New York City Opera and elsewhere around the U.S. **William Bender**

Upbeat Blues

"I ain't Bessie," Linda Hopkins disclaims, "and I wouldn't try to fool you." Well, yes and no. Like Bessie Smith, Hopkins came up in the South, with a mind bent on singing. And like the 1920s blues singer, who was an imposing 200-pounder, Hopkins, 50, is a handsome ample woman. Rustling her voluminous, diaphanous blue caftan, she shimmies across the stage of Manhattan's Ambassador Theater in a rhythmic roll that more than matches her vocal size. *Me and Bessie*, Hopkins' nearly one-woman musical revue (she is backed up by two dancers), recalls the history of Bessie Smith, from tent singer to Empress of the Blues.

There is plenty of muscle behind



HORNE AS RINALDO
Velvety caresses.

pings of the Italian Baroque operatic style, then the rage in London. During the "Bird Song" of Almirena, Rinaldo's true beloved, a flock of sparrows was let loose. The waspish essayist Joseph Addison had fun with that in *The Spectator*. "There have been so many flights of them let loose that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them." Few listened to Addison. *Rinaldo* was the making of Handel and remains one of the finest of his 40 or more operas.

Until last week in Houston, it had never been staged in the U.S. Like almost all Baroque music, it fell into neglect with the rise of the classical era in



HOPKINS AS BESSIE
Raw gospel power.

Hopkins' voice too, both physical and emotional. Throaty with raw gospel power, it is a hand-clapping, hip-slapping sound, a miracle in sheer lustiness. Bessie never strayed far from a strong center tone. Hopkins, who is no mere imitator, stretches out a melody. "I feel good," she squeals after one alpine gliss, and so does the audience.

With a womanliness that is more maternal than sexual, Hopkins is most convincing when she evokes the fire and flood of up-tempo gospel numbers. But she is no blues singer. When neither love nor liquor could quench Bessie's misery, her harsh sounds of loneliness could bring an entire audience to tears. Bessie sang from pain, Linda sings from joy. She cannot crush her optimism: Hopkins ain't Bessie, it is true. She is, nonetheless, a champ. **Joan Downs**



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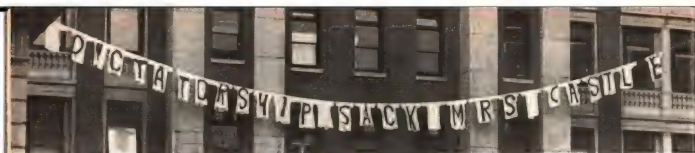
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STRIKING BRITISH DOCTORS' COMMENT ON PAY PROPOSALS: ANTI-GOVERNMENT PROTEST BANNER MADE FROM OPERATING-ROOM SMOCKS

MEDICINE

Doctors' Revolt

When Laborite Aneurin Bevan set up Britain's "womb-to-tomb" National Health Service a generation ago, he responded to doctors' opposition by declaring, "I shall stop their mouths with money." Their criticisms have never really ceased, however, and in recent months NHS doctors have been objecting with increasing vehemence to a government plan that could severely curtail the lucrative private practices many of the senior specialists maintain on the side. Last week their resentment finally erupted into action. In the first nationwide strike since NHS was founded, the 15,000 junior physicians who provide much of the medical care in the system's hospitals refused to treat anyone but children, pregnant women and emergency cases.

The strike, which has so far affected some 100 institutions, hardly shocked Britons, who in the past two years have lived through major work stoppages by coal miners, engineering and transportation workers. Most physicians remained politely on duty in their hospitals, but they refused to do all routine work. At Middlesex Hospital, one of London's best, 200 striking doctors unveiled a banner made of used operating smocks, each bearing a large hand-printed letter. The banner said: END DICTATORSHIP SACK MRS CASTLE.

Jumping the Queue. Social Services Minister Barbara Castle, whose department is in charge of the National Health Service, has shown an inflexibility that has worsened the present impasse, but the background of the crisis is complex. Constantly rising demands for care have all but overwhelmed NHS and raised its costs to \$8.2 billion. This has forced some people to wait months, or in some cases years, for routine treatments like hernia repair and other elective operations. For years the nation's 15,000 junior hospital doctors have put up with the long hours (more than 80 a week) and low wages (still held to a maximum of £6,279 or \$12,872 a year) because they have hoped to attain the status of "consultants"—senior specialists who could treat private patients in government hospitals. Now, however, the Labor government is threatening to remove even this incentive. In 1974 it re-

turned to office on a platform that included the eventual banning of all private beds and private medical practice in the National Health Service's hospitals, which in many areas are the only hospitals. The pledge was popular with labor unions, which felt that the so-called pay beds diverted scarce medical resources from patients who depended on NHS; they also attacked the notion that people with money could commit the very un-British offense of "jumping the queue." But Labor's promise was viewed as a betrayal by physicians, who felt the government was placing political considerations before human needs.

What finally brought the quarrel to a head was the government's latest pay proposal for health service doctors below consultant rank, most of whom are full-time employees of the state. Holding to the Labor government's current ceiling on wages—no raises of more than \$12 a week—Castle proposed a formula that reduced the physicians' basic work week to 44 hours but at the same time altered the overtime policy so that the doctors who worked the longest hours received the lowest proportional

pay. Negotiators for the junior doctors reluctantly accepted the offer, but the doctors themselves did not. "Mrs. Castle is a very inflexible negotiator," explained Dr. John Kirwan. "This shows we mean business."

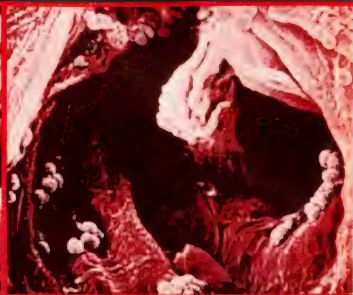
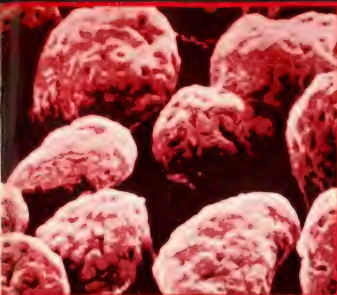
No Cure. Some officials believe the doctors have a point. Said Dr. David Owen, a Laborite who is Minister of State under Castle and immediately in charge of the health service: "The health service was launched on a fallacy. We were going to finance everything—cure the nation and spending would drop. That fallacy has been exposed. Now we realize that no country, even if prepared to pay the taxes, can supply everything."

A special royal commission, appointed last week by Prime Minister Harold Wilson, may help calm the conflict and get the strikers back to work. But it is not likely to produce a quick cure for the problems now plaguing NHS. Only a comprehensive course of financial and administrative therapy is likely to do that, and such a treatment cannot even begin until the government and its opponents agree on a diagnosis of the problem.

Fantastic Voyage

Two-thirds water, the rest nitrogen, carbon, calcium and a myriad of other chemicals—worth only about \$5, even at today's inflated prices. That is the strange machinery of the human body. It appears in unprecedented and almost incredible detail this week on the Public Broadcasting Service (see facing page). Produced by the National Geographic Society and Walper Productions, created by Irwin Rosten and narrated by Actor E.G. Marshall, the hour-long film is entitled, naturally enough, *The Incredible Machine*. It uses microscopy, X-rays and telescopic lenses tiny enough to penetrate the body's innermost recesses to capture the color, texture and activities of the heart, blood vessels, middle ear, lungs, bones and joints.

One of the film's most spectacular sequences depicts the process of conception from ovulation to development of an obviously human fetus (TIME, June 24, 1974). Other segments of the film are no less impressive. In one, bones, muscle and the membrane of the middle ear vibrate in time to Yankee Doodle, helping transmit sound to the brain. In yet another, blood cells line up to pass one at a time through the tightly constricted passageway of a tiny vein. But one scene, more than any other, suggests how far science must go before it fully understands the activities it has recorded. In this sequence, cells from the heart muscle lie in a culture dish, each continuing to beat at its own rhythm until it comes into contact with another cell. Once their edges touch, the two cells mysteriously begin to beat in unison.



The Incredible Machine is an assembly of enormously intricate parts, many of them so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye—and some of breathtaking beauty. What looks like a bunch of red-dish mushrooms or sponges (top left), for example, is actually the highly sensitive tip of the tongue, magnified 80 times; what resembles the entrance to a fairy-tale cavern (top right) is equally deceptive. Magnified 2,400 times, it is one of the more than 2 million pores that cover the surface of the body and help it to dissipate by perspiration the heat it generates during exercise. The trachea, or windpipe (right), is one of the body's most vital passageways. Descending into the chest from the nose and throat, it divides like a subway tunnel into two bronchi, the tubes that carry air to the lungs. The engine for the incredible machine is the heart, a fist-size clump of muscle that weighs less than a pound. With a powerful contraction about every second, the heart generates enough pressure to force blood through a three-part valve (below left) and finally into the body's 60,000 miles of blood vessels. Thin, but amazingly tough, the vocal cords (below right) enable humans to produce a range of sounds from song to guttural speech. They are as taut as a well-trimmed sail while their owner sings; during a cough, they undulate as wildly as window curtains during a storm.



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HARD TIMES

Directed by WALTER HILL
Screenplay by WALTER HILL,
BRYAN GINDORFF and BRUCE HENSTEL

Surprise: a good Charles Bronson movie. *Hard Times* is unassuming, tough and spare, a tidy little parable about strength and honor. Against current Hollywood competition, which lately seems underthought and overextended, *Hard Times* is especially welcome.

Perhaps Bronson vehicle and quality are no longer a contradiction in terms. This summer's *Breakout*, a diverting prison-break yarn, showed the usually saturnine star cracking jokes, playing big, generally and infectiously enjoying himself. In *Hard Times*, Bron-



BRONSON IN *HARD TIMES*
Picking fights.

son's role is closer to his customary image: the callous, uncommunicative loner. When this sort of projection does not work (*The Stone Killer*, *Death Wish*), Bronson is a Goliath who could be toppled by leprechauns. This time, however, the stolid performer manages to achieve an authentic, scruffy street dignity.

Hard Times is the best script Bronson has enjoyed since he became box office. His character is called Chaney, a drifter and street fighter of mysterious origins and flexible future. He rides into New Orleans on a boxcar and soon afterward picks up a fight and a manager. Speed (played with appropriate flash by James Coburn) is a small-time gambler who spots a sure shot at the big dollar. With a hophead physician (Strother

Martin) as medical consultant, Chaney and Speed scuffle around trying to pick a few more fights.

The time is the Depression, and these bouts are appropriately called pickup matches. They are not staged in rings but on barges, in factories or warehouses, anywhere working men are likely to wager a few bucks of their meager paychecks. *Hard Times* is a first feature by Walter Hill, who used to be solely a screenwriter (the intriguing *Hickey and Boggs*, Sam Peckinpah's *The Getaway*). Director Hill's debut is controlled and fairly confident; working at his peak, he gives a strong taste of the heel-end poverty of the times. Hill is also responsible for Charles Bronson's finest performance to date. If this seems a modest compliment, *Hard Times* is evidence that there may be larger ones on the way.

Jay Cocks

Pleading Insanity

SWEET MOVIE

Directed and Written
by DUSAN MAKAVEJEV

Sweet Movie was shown two years ago at the Cannes Film Festival. Since then it has acquired a justifiably vile reputation. A sort of live-action animated cartoon, the movie is a paean to the joys of insanity. Should there be any mistaking this intent, Director Dusan Makavejev (who made another Reichian parable, *WR—Mysteries of the Organism*) includes a little ditty with the refrain, "It's a joy to be crazy/ Good to be sad.../ Good to practice deadly sin/ To be alive and to win." Irony, if intended, is imperceptible.

Lusty Creatures. In its original incarnation, *Sweet Movie* included a scene in which some performers devour excrement. This precedent-shattering interlude has been removed. Still remaining is a sequence in which a character called Captain Anna Planeta (Anna Prucnal) strips in front of some eight-year-old boys and starts to unzip the fly of one wondering youngster. Presumably this will bring the boys' sexuality to abrupt flower and turn them into lusty, life-embracing creatures.

Sweet Movie has no pretenses at plot, although it does make an attempt to chart the smarmy adventures of a certain Miss World 1984 (played by a lovely Canadian actress called Carole Laure). Future chroniclers of the humiliations inflicted on women in the cinema will find prime source material in *Sweet Movie*. En route to her exalted madness, Miss World is showered with golden urine from her new husband's gilded member; raped by a musclemann; packed into a valise and shipped to Paris, where she is raped again, this time by one El Macho, and sent out with the

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Once you've looked, you're hooked.



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CINEMA

garbage; relegated to some sort of free-floating madhouse whose inmates perform assorted atrocities with food; and, finally, made to roll naked in a vat of melted chocolate.

There are also a great many political asides, all having to do with the various and inclusive insanities of Marxism, capitalism and fascism. All are denounced, while liberation through madness is stoutly championed. *Sweet Movie* full of unenlightened lunacy, is not really a film at all. It is a social disease.

Jay Coles

Grave New World

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF
AND GOD AGAINST ALL

Directed and Written by WERNER HERZOG

Can François Truffaut really have said, as the ads claim, that Werner Herzog is "the most important living director of our time"? It must be either a practical joke or an act of untoward largesse.

It turns out to be neither—just a misquote which, Truffaut states politely, "will no longer appear." *Every Man for Himself and God Against All* does recall Truffaut in the same way that a color-by-the-numbers painting recalls Cézanne. Based on the history of a young man who appeared in the Germany of the 1820s with no memory and no ex-



BRUNO S. ASKASPAR
Casebook of insensitivity.

perience of the world, the movie is a clanking exposition of a theme Truffaut himself explored in *The Wild Child* (1970). Truffaut's film was full of compassion and intelligence, a scrupulous study of freedom and the sometimes questionable requirements of the "civilizing process." *Every Man*, a prizewin-

ner at this year's Cannes Festival, is a casebook of insensitivity. Every character is vigorously and grossly caricatured. The short supply of ideas is presented with all the insight of a caption in Ripley's *Believe It or Not!*

Herzog, 33, is a sort of social anthropologist *manqué* who has been prominent in the perennially fizzing resurgence of the West German cinema. It has been suggested that in *Every Man* Herzog is struggling to create a new metaphor for the state of modern Germany. This is one of those facile, cover-all apologies, like saying an Italian film is a thinly disguised attack on the Roman Catholic Church, or a novel about contemporary Ireland reflects the agonies of civil war. It cannot save the movie from indistinction.

There is one bit of novelty in *Every Man*. The actor who plays Kaspar Hauser, the lead role, is billed only as "Bruno S." "S." was plucked by Director Herzog from an asylum because his own case history paralleled the Hauser story so closely. Such a stroke of casting is consistent with Herzog's previous work, which includes a film entirely populated by dwarfs. These works were also defended as metaphors for modern Germany. Some fresh excuses are needed.

J.C.

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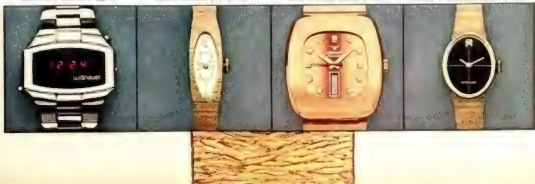
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TRADE

Making the Soviets Steady Customers



RUSSIAN OIL-DRILLING RIG IN CENTRAL ASIAN FIELD, KAZAKHSTAN



HARVESTING WHEAT NEAR THE CITY OF MOSCOW, IDAHO

Under heavy political pressure, the Ford Administration set out about six weeks ago to convert the Soviet Union from an in-and-out, market-disrupting buyer of U.S. grain to a steady customer that makes regular purchases in agreed-on amounts. Last week in Moscow, U.S. and Soviet negotiators signed a five-year agreement that should accomplish that goal and lessen the inflationary impact of future Soviet buying by enabling markets to anticipate it. In contrast to the furious criticism that has greeted past U.S. grain sales to the Soviets, this deal satisfied almost everyone except American farmers who wanted no limits of any kind on how much the Russians could buy. The deal could also open the way to U.S. purchases of Soviet oil.

Inflation Hedge. Under the new grain pact, the Soviets pledged to buy at least 6 million metric tons of U.S. wheat and corn in each of the next five crop years starting in October 1976—whether they need it or not (any surplus presumably would be stored against future Soviet food shortages). They will be permitted to buy as much as 2 million tons more in any year, unless U.S. grain supplies fall below 225 million tons. That has not happened in 15 years: current supplies are 263 million tons. But if the Soviets want to buy more than 8 million

tons in any one crop year, they must negotiate with U.S. officials, who would have to decide how much could be spared without running up domestic food prices.

Once the agreement was signed, President Ford lifted the two-month moratorium on new sales to the Soviets from this year's crop; he had imposed it at about the time longshoremen began refusing to load ships with wheat bound for Russia. The Soviets, who face a disastrous harvest, as much as 56 million tons below the planners' target of 215 million tons, are now free to buy from this year's record U.S. crop. The U.S.S.R. had signed contracts to buy 10 million tons before the embargo; it probably will buy about 7 million tons more between now and the time the five-year agreement goes into effect. Last week the Soviets reportedly bought another 1.2 million tons of American corn.

Private economists think that the additional purchases will lift the food bills of U.S. consumers little if at all over the next twelve months—partly because the inflationary damage has already been done. The Agriculture Department has estimated that Russian grain buying would raise U.S. food bills 1.5% through 1976. Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME Board of Economists, figures that food prices next July will be 10%

higher than last July, and that 3% to 4% of that will be the result of grain sales to the Soviets. But most of that rise is over; "the market already has discounted" additional sales, says Eckstein. Wheat and corn futures fell last week on the Chicago Board of Trade, wheat by 18¢ per bu. to \$3.95; corn 7¢ to \$2.86.

The price effects of the long-term agreement will depend on how much the Soviets actually buy, the size of U.S. crops and the amount of grain exported to other countries. Knowledge that the Soviets will be in the market could keep prices a bit higher than they otherwise would be; on the other hand, spreading out Soviet purchases should avoid the sharp price jumps that occur when they are bunched into short periods.

Ceiling Disliked. Farmers, grain dealers, farm-implement makers, railroads and shipping companies had all pushed hard for a long-term grain deal, knowing that without one the ban on further sales to the Soviets would not be lifted. But when the deal was announced many farmers angrily branded it unjustified Government interference in world grain markets. They objected to the requirement that the Soviets negotiate before buying more than 8 million tons a year, contending that the limit would prevent them from recouping sales lost during the moratorium.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

"This thing is clear out of joint," complained Gene Wheeler, a Watonga, Okla., farmer and grain dealer. "Ford made a statement that he's gonna take the peaks out of the market. What he doesn't know is that when you take away all the peaks, you've got nothing left but valleys." Nebraska Democratic Governor J. James Exon decried the agreement as a Ford Administration "sellout" to gain votes from populous urban areas at the expense of farming states. These attacks are clearly extravagant. The requirement for negotiation on purchases of more than 8 million tons is a necessary precaution against inflationary disruption of markets, and the deal guarantees farmers an export market worth about \$1 billion a year.

Possible Setback. For the Soviets the deal buys time to improve the nation's badly functioning agricultural system. Internal Soviet political stress is building over this year's crop disaster, which Western analysts feel could be a setback for Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev. Says one diplomat: "The grain situation could put the leadership and Brezhnev on the spot." The necessity of buying grain from the capitalist U.S. is expected to be a touchy issue. Brezhnev can argue within the Politburo, however, that the U.S. wants Soviet oil as much as the Soviets want U.S. grain.

U.S. negotiators did try to work out an oil deal to be signed at the same time as the grain agreement but failed. The U.S. demanded a price 15% below the world price set by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries; the Soviets balked. Instead, the two sides signed a "letter of intent" to resume negotiations on a deal under which the Soviets would ship to the U.S. the equivalent of 200,000 bbl. of oil a day at prices to be mutually agreed upon.



ANTI-OIL HATCHETMEN IN THE SENATE: HOLLINGS, BAYH, HART, KENNEDY

alent of 200,000 bbl. of oil a day at prices to be mutually agreed upon.

Some kind of oil deal is probable. The Soviet Union is badly in need of foreign currency, which it could get from oil sales, and will need even more to pay for U.S. grain. The U.S. is eager to tap the Soviet oil barrel, largely for political reasons. The U.S.S.R. passed the U.S. last year as the world's largest oil producer and now pumps 9.5 million bbl. daily v. 8.3 for the U.S. But Soviet consumption is rising fast too, so that the Russians have little oil to spare for the U.S.; the amounts talked of in the letter of intent would supply only 1.2% of U.S. daily needs. Rather, an oil deal promises political benefits for the U.S.: advancing détente, demonstrating to OPEC that the U.S. is determined to line up alternative sources of supply and defusing domestic criticism that East-West trade is a one-way street mainly benefiting the Soviets.

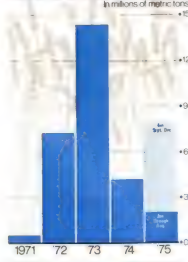
Nowhere in official Washington does sentiment against the industry ride higher than in the U.S. Senate. There, a large number of Democrats—though still a Senate minority—are threatening to dismantle the major companies and drastically reduce their scope. Last week an impressive total of 40 Senators voted for a measure drafted by Michigan's Philip A. Hart and four other Democrats. They proposed to break up the 15 largest oil companies by forcing them to split off their crude-production activities from all other aspects of the business—refining, transportation, pipeline operations and marketing.

Another proposal, sponsored by Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts and Ernest F. Hollings of South Carolina, got 39 votes. It would have forced oil companies to get out of such other energy businesses as uranium production and coal mining. Should it become law, Continental Oil, for example, would have to divest Consolidation Coal, the nation's second largest coal producer.

Though both measures were defeated, the votes for them illustrated how swiftly anti-oil feeling has risen in the Senate. Only two years ago, South Dakota Democrat James G. Abourez sought support for a breakup bill and succeeded in rounding up only two cosponsors. More attempts to dismember the oil giants will be made, and the frontal assault on them could turn into a major issue for the Democrats in next year's presidential campaign. Indiana Senator Birch Bayh last week became the ninth Democrat to announce his candidacy, and he made a proposal to break up the oil companies a prominent plank in his platform. He has already held hearings on his own bill to dismember the majors.

The rhetoric against the companies is taking on an evangelical tone. Colorado's Gary Hart (no relation to the Michigan Senator) told Senate colleagues last week that divestiture "would

GRAIN U.S. EXPORTS TO U.S.S.R.



OIL

Assailing the Giants

For about 30 years, the U.S. oil industry had all the friends it needed in Washington and little trouble winning favorable policies: maintenance until early this year of the lucrative oil-depletion allowance, now discarded quotas on oil imports, tax preferences for foreign and domestic drilling operations. Now a wave of hostility unmatched since the breakup of Standard Oil in 1911 has plunged the oil industry into big political trouble. In one of the milder manifestations of anti-industry sentiment, the Federal Trade Commission last week took only hours to overturn a recommendation by one of its own administrative law judges and resolved to press ahead with a two-year-old antitrust suit that seeks to break up eight major oil companies.

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Healing Faster Than Expected

There was further strong evidence last week that the economy is healing faster than expected—and without suffering the crippling inflationary side effects that marred the early stages of its recovery last summer. The signs:

► Real gross national product, the nation's total output of goods and services minus the effects of price increases, rose in the third quarter at a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 11.2%—or more than even the most optimistic economists had been predicting. During the April-June quarter, G.N.P. inched upward at a modest rate of 1.9%, following five consecutive and worsening quarterly declines. Main reason for the third-quarter spurt: the depressing effect of inventory cutting on production lessened greatly. Businessmen reduced inventories during the period at an annual rate of only \$9.5 billion, v. \$31 billion during the second quarter. Some Administration economists suspect that the \$9.5 billion figure is too low. But even if it is revised upward, it seems clear that the liquidation of inventories is coming to an end.

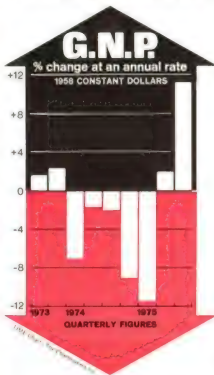
► The Consumer Price Index rose in September at an annual rate of 6.2%, more than double the low 2.4% rate in August, but still well below July's frighteningly high 15.4%. September's moderate increase in living costs was led by services, such as college tuitions and doctors' fees; the services category of the index jumped 1%, its biggest monthly rise in a year. Encouragingly, however, food prices—a major source of inflationary pressure last summer—crept only slightly higher in September. Productivity in the private nonfarm economy jumped at an annual rate of 9.4% in the third quarter, and since workers' pay rose less, unit labor costs dropped a trifle, lessening upward price pressure.

► The nation's money supply increased sharply in mid-October after six weeks of fairly steady decline. During the week ending Oct. 15, currency in circulation and checking accounts in banks soared by \$1.7 billion, equal to a seasonally adjusted annual rate of \$294.6 billion. This indicates that the Federal Reserve Board is now fueling the recovery with enough money to keep it going, and that interest rates may—temporarily at least—decline a bit. Last week Manhattan's First National City Bank announced that it will lower its prime rate from 8% to 7½%; about a dozen other major banks promptly followed.

► New-car sales jumped 37.3% above a year ago in mid-October. It was the second straight ten-day selling pe-

riod since the 1976 models were introduced that sales exceeded 1974. American Motors was up 53.3%; GM, 42.9%; Ford, 27.9%. Chrysler Corp., which did not introduce its new models until mid-month, was up 33.1%. The mid-October figures provided further evidence that higher prices on the '76 models have not hurt sales. The figures also mean that the recovery is receiving support from a critically important industry.

While last week's statistics were providing new proof of the strength of the



recovery, Congress began to make decisions on taxes and the budget with an eye toward where the economy will be in 1976. The House Budget and Ways and Means committees voted in effect to reject President Ford's proposal for a \$28 billion tax cut starting Jan. 1 and a \$395 billion ceiling on spending for fiscal 1977. Since the tax cuts would take effect before any spending hold-down, Ford's plan would give the economy a massive new stimulus early next year. Last week's committee votes indicate that Congress doubts that a spending ceiling would work and thinks the tax-cut stimulus would be too great. The Ways and Means Committee voted a \$12.7 billion tax reduction; that would be just about enough to prevent the increase in withholding rates that would occur Jan. 1 if this year's temporary tax cuts were allowed to expire.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

be the best thing that could happen to the petroleum industry in the U.S. and perhaps the world. In the final analysis, it would be the best thing that could happen to the consumers."

Others disagree, and strongly, while still recognizing the scope and concentration of Big Oil. A score of companies control 93.5% of U.S. oil production; eight of those control 63.8%. (Other industries, notably autos, aluminum and cigarettes, are even more concentrated.)

\$1 a Gallon. With so much under the companies' umbrellas, the fear that they will exercise a strangle hold over all energy development is not senseless. But it has yet to be demonstrated that they have in fact committed any major sins. In a decade of hearings, Philip Hart's antitrust subcommittee has never proved that the industry practiced collusive pricing. Bayh's staff, in a paper issued recently, established that oil companies operating in the Gulf of Mexico were producing at less than the most efficient rates, but could not prove that the reason was an effort to increase prices.

Critics doubt that breaking up the majors would lead to lower prices: prices of most domestic oil are now controlled by the Federal Government, and if they are decontrolled, the effective world price will be set by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Prices could go up after a dismemberment of the oil giants. Frank Ikard, president of the American Petroleum Institute, calls breakup "the quickest and surest way to gasoline which costs \$1 a gallon." In a statement last week, Shell warned that there would be no opportunity for a change of heart after dismemberment; once taken apart, the companies could never be put together again.

For now, the industry seems safe. Even if Congress did pass a bill, which is unlikely, Ford would certainly veto it. But the old days of Big Oil's muscle in Washington are over. The companies can expect continued hostility from Democrats who sense quite correctly that they have all the support they need from voters eager to strike back at someone or something for rising prices.

The Market v. OPEC

The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries is a cartel so powerful that it has seemed able to set prices wherever and whenever its 13 members pleased, regardless of market forces. But at a stormy meeting in Vienna in September, OPEC decided to raise oil prices 10% effective Oct. 1, rather than the 25% that some members had urged earlier. Now it appears that the actual increase will be smaller still. Experts at the Petroleum Industry Research Foundation reckon the weighted average of price boosts by all OPEC members so far at less than 9%—equal to a rise of about a penny per gal. in the U.S. price of gasoline. Assistant Treasury Secretary Gerald Parsky estimates



The call to greater energy independence

Long before 1776 Americans had come to consider themselves a distinct and different people, totally free, dependent upon none.

Provoked, they rallied to the call and forged their Declaration for all men to know, once and for all, that Americans would forever decide their own destiny.

The rest of the civilized world doubted that a democratic republic, dedicated to free enterprise and determined to rule by the consent of the ruled, could long endure.

They overlooked America's strength of will, vigor, ingenuity, productivity—and its abundance of natural resources—which together soon made possible wealth beyond avarice and a standard of living unknown in the recorded history of mankind.

And everything was made possible by the fact that energy was available in great plenty.

The world has long since ceased to marvel at America's achievements resulting from the application of harnessed energy—be they the widespread benefits of industrial mass production, or agricultural output.

One dramatic example—with less than one-tenth of one percent of the world's population employed on U.S. farms, America is able to feed over twenty five percent of the world's population.

It is peculiarly ironic that now, on the eve of its Bicentennial, America must confess that in energy—the very thing which helped make greatness possible—it is not independent.

It must harken to the voices of non-Americans with oil, whose decisions will drastically effect America's ability to produce and to move.

As they will effect America's unemployment rate, its economic health, its standard of living—yes, even its foreign policies.

It is now self-evident that those countries with oil are determined to use it for wealth and power while it lasts, regardless of the harm bestowed upon others, despite the despair visited upon under-developed nations which trace their plight to an under-supply of energy.

And who can evidence shock at such self-aggrandizement?

We can.

Because, in a world given to extracting toil, the United States has freely shared its wealth with the world—including the Middle East—more liberally than any nation in history.

Generosity is a characteristic which remains particularly American. It would be foolhardy to expect it in all others. Now, or in the future.

Awaken.

Realize the clear peril to America's independence—to its very ability to decide its own destiny—if it does not embark upon a crusade to conserve all forms of energy... put to immediate use the superabundance of its own coal... and enlist full vigor in developing other sources of energy against the day when all the world's oil will be gone.

Would that solar, tidal, geothermal—or some other virtually unlimited source—were in America's present rather than its distant future.

Would that nuclear energy could be conscripted as quickly, as economically, as easily as coal.

Coal, which can be mined and—as proven—the terrain restored to equal or better than its un-mined state.

Coal, which can be burned and—as proven—the ambient air left unharmed to man.

Coal, the only fuel in which America is totally self-sufficient.

In truth, there is four times more energy in that coal than in all the Middle East's oil.

Couple coal and conservation and the United States of America is well on its way to enjoying the heritage of an independent life by design rather than suffering a dependent one by default.

Good men will answer the call.

COAL AND CONSERVATION!

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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

an even lower increase: 6.5% to 7.5%.

Curiously, some of the OPEC nations most noted in the past as firebrands pushing for ever-higher prices are among those now raising their crude less than the agreed-upon 10%. Algeria has hiked its prices only 8.5%. Indonesia, another former price hawk, raised some quotes but cut others so that its increases average a mere 1.6%. "Basically we are staying put on price, but as a good member of OPEC we had to go through the motions," said Mohammad Sadli, the nation's minister of mines, in Washington last week.

Most of the prices being raised less than 10% are for grades of crude that were especially costly to begin with; they carry premiums above base OPEC prices because of such factors as low sulfur content of the oil or closeness of wells to markets. During the past year or so, these premiums have got to be higher than could be justified during a severe slump in global demand.

Varying Needs. "We charge what the market will bear," says Indonesia's Sadli. Indonesia has special reasons for keeping its increases small. It sells most of its oil to Japan, where consumption in early 1975 fell 13% below 1973. Also, Indonesia's latest increase brings the price of Central Sumatra sweet crude, a product highly valued for its low sulfur content, to \$12.60 per bbl., and China, which does not belong to OPEC, is marketing a similar crude for \$12.10.

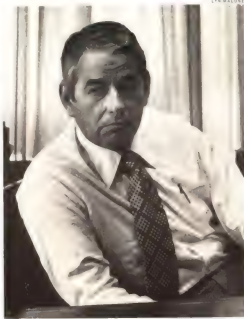
The same pressures do not, however, apply equally to all OPEC members. Saudi Arabia and Kuwait have raised their prices the full 10%, even though they have urged price moderation within OPEC in the past. Saudi Arabia at first argued for no price increase at all at the Vienna meeting. Both nations have enormous oil reserves and small populations: they did not need the extra income that a bigger-than-10% price boost would have brought, but neither do they now need the extra revenues that they might get by competitive price shading.

The smaller increases that some other nations are making cannot be read as anything like a signal of OPEC's breakup. OPEC has demonstrated formidable unity and economic muscle by quintupling oil prices since late 1973—and by posting an increase now in the face of weak demand. Moreover, its current price hikes, though smaller than announced, are still a heavy burden on the world's consumers: OPEC exporters alone will raise world oil bills around \$9 billion a year. Still, they demonstrate that not even OPEC can ignore the market

AIRLINES

Pan Am: Still Aloft

In the red since 1969, denied Government subsidy a year ago and seemingly on the brink of bankruptcy, Pan American World Airways last week served notice that forecasts of its demise have been premature. The airline reported a third-quarter profit of \$42.1 million, v. a \$500,000 loss during the same period of 1974. The turnaround is especially remarkable because it comes at a time when other airlines are in deep trouble: Eastern last week reported a huge third-quarter deficit (see following story), and TWA estimated it will lose \$100 million during all of 1975.



COST-CUTTING CHAIRMAN WILLIAM SEAWELL
The job now is to put meat on the bones.

Since it lost \$55 million during the first half, Pan Am may wind up in the red for the full year too. But its startlingly bright third-quarter showing clearly improves its chances of borrowing needed capital. The airline recently arranged a two-month extension of its current \$125 million credit agreement with 36 banks, and it is now asking them for a new commitment of about \$100 million. The July-September upturn also means that Pan Am is no longer dependent for its survival on a proposed \$300 million investment by Iran. Indeed, if currently stalled negotiations to get Iranian cash resume, the airline will have the leverage to bargain for better terms than those the Shah offered early this year.

To get into the black, Pan Am this year has slashed costs drastically. It has cut its jet kerosene fuel bills \$30 million, largely by dropping unprofitable flights, and laid off more than 2,000 em-

ployees—or about 10% of its work force. Pan Am's third-quarter profit also reflects savings realized because of route swaps concluded with TWA and American Airlines earlier in the year. Those swaps eliminated head-to-head competition in flights to more than a dozen major overseas cities. In the fast-growing mid-Pacific market (California-Hawaii-Hong Kong), Pan Am has added flights and carried profitably heavy loads since last spring. As a result of the route exchanges and higher international fares, the percentage of seats that must be filled for Pan Am to break even on Pacific flights has been chopped by more than 20% since last year—a huge reduction that translates directly into increased earnings.

Pan Am has still not flown entirely clear of financial thunderclouds. The airline's break-even point—49.4% of seats filled on an average flight—is one of the lowest in the industry, but Chairman William Seawell acknowledges that rising labor and other costs mean it cannot be reduced much further. He is also concerned that because lenders are sweating out the fate of their New York City bonds and shaky real estate loans, obtaining a new loan commitment could be difficult. Says Seawell: "It's ironic, since we're finally showing some progress. But getting a new line of credit won't be easy because the climate for borrowing now isn't the best." Nonetheless, Seawell and most airline observers believe that Pan Am will indeed get a new line of credit.

Growing Markets. A far greater concern is what happens after that. To help raise capital, Pan Am has sold off more than \$40 million worth of its least efficient jetliners since 1972, but it can hardly keep that up much longer. In fact, to compete in growing markets such as New York-Tokyo, the airline will soon have to add to its fleet new, longer-range jets like the Boeing 747SP, which can serve those markets nonstop. Yet it may have trouble obtaining massive long-term financing for any new equipment until, as Seawell puts it, "we return to a sustained level of profitability and get some meat on our bones." One way Pan Am might accomplish that is by merging with another carrier and acquiring domestic routes, but it has unsuccessfully explored mergers with TWA, Eastern and American. For the time being, at least, it seems clear that Pan Am will have to continue the battle for sustained profitability on its own.

New Pilot at Eastern

With Pan Am recovering, Eastern Air Lines is now rated by some analysts as the most financially shaky of all U.S. air carriers. Last week it reported a third-quarter loss of \$21.4 million (\$17.8 million in September alone), v. a profit of \$7.6 million in the comparable period of 1974. Simultaneously, it chose a new pilot: former Astronaut Frank

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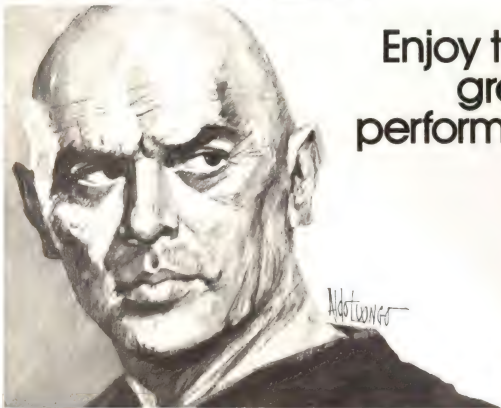
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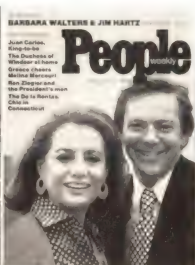
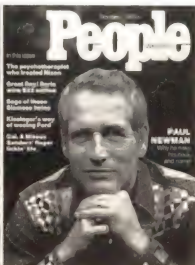
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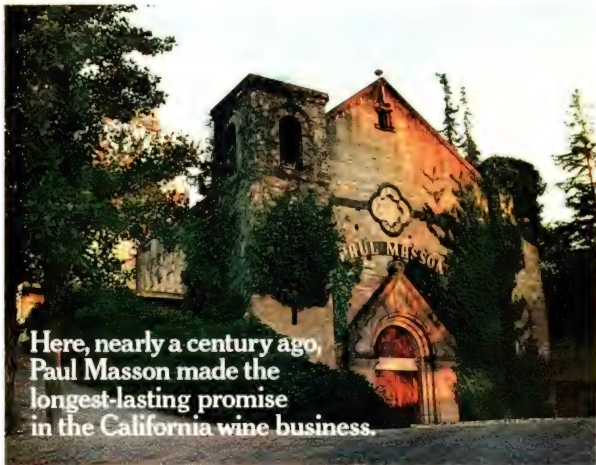
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Paul Masson Vineyard, Napa Valley, Calif. 1975

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Borman, one of the three who read from the *Book of Genesis* on Christmas Eve, 1968 as their capsule orbited the moon. Borman, 47, joined Eastern as a vice president in 1970; he became president last May and now takes the title of chief executive from Floyd D. Hall, 59, who remains chairman.

The switch is believed to reflect pressure from bankers who worried that the line would not survive under Hall. Wall Street analysts give Borman at least a fair chance of pulling the company through. One of Eastern's worst problems is low productivity caused largely by poor employee morale. Borman seems more effective than Hall at communicating with employees. He has persuaded them to accept a wage freeze for 1976, which he described last week as "the most important thing I've done since becoming president." Borman also talks to workers with realistic candor. Earlier this year, he warned them that the line might lose \$30 million in 1975

stuffed shrimp in two portions—six for \$7.75, four for \$5.50. A management study shows that 70% of the steak eaters among its customers have ordered the smaller cuts, and 65% of the shrimp fanciers have chosen the less hearty portion. Last summer Billy Martin's Carriage House in Washington, D.C., introduced smaller portions for smaller prices on several entrees; it reports that 30% of the diners who order those entrees select the reduced portions. In December, the steak house in Chicago's Palmer House intends to switch.

Slimmer Waistlines. The trend has Government encouragement indeed prodding. Nancy Harvey Steorts, special assistant for consumer affairs to Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, advanced the idea a year ago in a speech to the National Association of Meat Purveyors and shortly after persuaded the Camelback Inn to test the plan. Since then she has traveled round the country evangelizing smaller portions. She

Engaged. Jehan Sadat, 14, youngest of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's three daughters; and Mahmoud Osman, 25, son of Osman Ahmed Osman, Egypt's Minister of Reconstruction and Housing. The couple will be married in a little more than a year, when Jehan reaches 16, legal age for marriage.

Separated. David L. Boren, 34, Governor of Oklahoma, and Janna Boren, 30, who filed for a divorce (incompatibility), which may be finalized next month. Married for seven years, the Borens have two children.

Died. Phillips H. Lord, 73, writer, producer and sometime actor who created *Seth Parker's Singing School*, *Gang Busters*, and other celebrated radio shows of the 1930s and '40s, of myasthenia gravis; in Ellsworth, Me. Drawing on yarns about simple folk and moral rectitude that he heard from his grandfather, a voluble old sea captain, Lord fashioned Seth Parker out of pure homespun, introduced him in 1927, soon had an audience of 10 million. For the later, long-running (nine years) *Gang Busters*, he got permission from J. Edgar Hoover to use stories based on FBI files.

Died. Hugo Zacchini, 77, a circus performer who, while musing about the trajectory of the grenades he had to duck as an Italian artilleryman during World War I, conceived his famous human cannonball act, of a stroke; in San Bernardino, Calif. Using a compressed-air cannon, Zacchini made his maiden flight (some 130 ft.) in Cairo in 1922. In 1929, John Ringling lured him to the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, where he performed for another 32 years.

Died. Clairmont L. Egtvedt, 83, former president and board chairman of the Boeing Co.; of pneumonia; in Seattle. Starting as a draftsman in the company's two-story frame factory in 1917, the shy, University of Washington-trained engineer became Boeing's president in 1933 and served as chairman from 1939 until 1966. Determined to create a "superweapon of the air," he spurred creation of the first B-17 Flying Fortress in 1935. By the war's end (12,731 Flying Fortresses had been built for the Allies and had dropped more than 640,000 tons of bombs on Europe alone. Its sister ship, the larger, more powerful B-29, which entered the war in 1944, delivered 96% of all the bombs dropped on Japan).

Died. Arnold Toynbee, 86, British historian whose twelve-volume masterpiece, *A Study of History*, charts the rise and fall of man's civilizations; in York, England (see EDUCATION).



DINERS EATING DOUBLE & SINGLE VEAL SERVINGS IN ARIZONA, INSETS SHOW SIZES

FOOD

War on Big Portions

Much as they may have been exhorted by their mothers to eat everything on their plates, many Americans find that when they dine in restaurants they just cannot do it—the portions are simply too big for the diet-conscious. Anywhere up to 65% of the food ladled onto plates in many restaurants is thrown away uneaten. Now a few restaurants are moving away from the groaning-board tradition by offering a choice of regular portions at regular prices or smaller portions at lower prices.

For the past year or so, the Camelback Inn in Scottsdale, Ariz., owned by Marriott Corp., has presented such menu items as New York-cut sirloin steak in three sizes (10 oz. for \$9.75, 8 oz. for \$8.25, 6 oz. for \$6.75) and baked

argues that they will help consumers slim their waistlines and cut food bills, bolster restaurant profits by selling additional dinners, and that "the tiniest bit of wasted food cannot be justified when an estimated 1½ billion people in the developing countries do not receive a balanced diet."

Many restaurants are reluctant to adopt the plan. Their managers wonder if customers really want smaller portions, and are not sure that selling them will raise profits, since they mean a lower average price collected from each diner. But some experts believe the trend toward smaller servings will accelerate. Says James W. McLamore, president of the National Restaurant Association, "An earlier ethic of conspicuous consumption may be giving way to a current ethic of 'conspicuous conservation.'" The doggy bag just may be on its way out.

Charred by Life

LAMPOST REUNION
by LOUIS LA RUSSO II

Success, which William James called "the bitch goddess," has exerted a tripolar magnetic pull on most Americans. It is variously regarded with desire, fear and despair. The desire is to succeed. The fear is of failing to succeed. The despair is the feeling of emptiness, the loss of a rooted and perhaps better self after one has succeeded. The most distressing knowledge of all, of course, is to realize that you sought esteem in the eyes of others because you lacked it in your own.

That is the essential theme of *Lampost Reunion* by Louis La Russo II, and it is a first play of some consequence. The reunion is in a bar. The hero is Fred Santoro (Gabriel Dell), whose career and fame resemble Frank Sinatra's. He and his henchman (George Pollock) drift into a haunt that Santoro shared with a gang of cronies (mostly Hoboken, N.J., Italian-Americans) some 20 years before.

The reunion is viscerally revealing. The humor, and there is quite a bit of it, is abrasive, anal, ethnic and sexually slanderous. One running gag is about the diminutive genitals of the bartender, whose nickname is "Biggie."

Biggie is sneeringly bitter about Fred's deserting him on the way to the big time. Each of the old gang reveals himself to be a sycophant, a drunk or a cynic, yet touchingly human. Each has an aria-styled monologue to show how

his spirit has been charred by life. Fred's is the most melodramatic: he tells of how his father forced him, as an adolescent, to spy on his mother and her suspected lover from a fire escape.

The episode illuminates one of the subliminal aspects of the play. It is concerned with Southern European codes of male honor and pride, and the warring indignities suffered by those who try to conform to American codes of success and middle-class etiquette.

The cast could not be better, and Gabriel Dell as Fred is a spellbinder who might even win the respect of "Old Blue Eyes."

T.E. Kalem

Rabbinical Lib

YENTL
by ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER
and LEAH NAPOLIN

In its essence, drama is a blinding, minute-to-minute bolt of lightning. It has no time for the nuances of slowly gathering clouds. The life of the stage pivots on character, action, surprise and eloquence. That is one reason why adaptations from short stories and novels, while embarked upon with the worst of intentions, are almost invariably stillborn in the theater.

Such formidably gifted writers as Henry James and James Joyce made a stab at writing plays. Both failed. Therefore it is not unduly surprising that another writer of distinctive talent, Isaac Bashevis Singer, has also failed.

Almost from the moment the curtain goes up, one feels that one is browsing in a library, which, in the theater, is the dramatic equivalent of dozing off. To begin with, the story does not lend itself to a willing suspension of disbelief. The setting is a Polish ghetto town about a century ago. Yentl (Tovah Feldshuh) is an extremely bright girl who relishes reading and discussing the Talmud and the Torah with her learned father. It is strictly taboo for a Jewish woman to be studying these sacred texts. Yentl is precocious and prone to dispute with her elders, like the young Jesus.

When her father dies, she dons male garb and enrolls in a yeshiva, a school for rabbinical studies. Assuming the name of Anshul, she becomes increasingly fond of her fellow student Avigdor (John V. Shea). The sundering of a marriage contract has left Avigdor desolate at the loss of a comely local girl named Hadass (Lynn Ann Leveridge). Avigdor conceives the idea that if he cannot have Hadass, Anshul shall. Anshul/Yentl goes through with the marriage, and she manages to keep it deceptively intact, though Jehovah alone knows quite how.

In an access of love for both Avigdor and Hadass, Yentl reveals to Avig-

LEVERIDGE & FELDSHUH IN YENTL
Love of learning.

dor that she is not a man and files a bill of divorce so that her two dearest friends may marry. Even for a fable, that is a little too fabulous. Shakespeare was able to get away with the man-woman mistaken identity gambit because he imbued it with humor, poetry and a sly fencing of the sexes. But that is not the case here, where the prevailing mood is one of folkish piety.

What is impressively salvaged from this desultory evening is that an actress of imponderable scope and stature is now on the Broadway scene. Tovah Feldshuh has the delicacy of features of a Tanagra figurine. She is kinetic in presence, graceful in gesture and capable of igniting, as well as displaying, passion. Hers is a talent of exciting proportions.

T.E.K.

Not Legal Tender

FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER
by ROBERT E. LEE and JEROME LAWRENCE

This is a dissertation on the law at the Supreme Court level, but within the province of dramatic jurisprudence it is a draggy, flaccid, unconvincing brief. *First Monday in October* is having its premiere at the Cleveland Play House, and if Jean Arthur and Melvyn Douglas were not in it, the play's obituary might well be written at the same time.

The hero, Justice Daniel Snow (Melvyn Douglas) is inspired by William O. Douglas. The heroine, Ruth Loomis, played by Jean Arthur, is quite simply hatched from the current foofaraw over women's lib. She is the first woman to be

POLLOCK & DELL IN REUNION
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TIME/STV



ARTHUR & DOUGLAS IN OCTOBER
High bench, draggy brief.

appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court. Her late husband, whose views she apparently shares, was a conservative of the Neanderthal stripe. Obviously, she irks Justice Snow. One of the internal contradictions of the play is that Snow, despite his liberal views, is something of a chauvinistic fossil when it comes to accepting women on the high bench. In any event, as you may possibly guess, Justice Snow, after suffering a heart attack, has so won his way into Justice Loomis' thought processes that she casts a vote his way in a close decision concerning some venal corporation. That is all the conflict that the drama contains, and it is pretty limp stuff.

Spunky Air. *First Monday in October* is intellectual and ideological Pabulum seasoned with a few smart Broadway-style gags. What may one say of the two actors in whose presence countless Americans can stir up memories of their own youth? Douglas, 74, is a sly fox of an actor with great skill, and he makes Justice Snow a personable charmer. Jean Arthur, 70, still has the raspy little girl's voice that people remember from 1930s movies and a spunky air of perennial optimism. But the stage has never been her home, and it is not now.

Just because this particular play is destined for the dustbin does not mean that a varied season containing such upcoming plays as *Bingo*, by England's Edward Bond, about Shakespeare's final years back in Stratford; *Abigail Adams Second First Lady*, by Edith Owen; and *The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia*, by Preston Jones, about a lunatic-fringe group from Texas, may not provide some aesthetic rewards. To take a risk is the regional theater's brand of courage. **T.E.K.**

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AUTHOR MARGARET DRABBLE AGAINST
SAHARA BACKGROUND

BOOKS

For Adults

THE REALMS OF GOLD
by MARGARET DRABBLE
354 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

There is no greater test of character than bad luck—except, British Novelist Margaret Drabble suggests, good luck. The heroine of her latest novel owns a cornucopia: money, a handsome London house, a triumphant career as an archaeologist, four well-behaved children, a liberating divorce and a sensitive lover. She is also afflicted with an abundance of 20th century guilt. What has she done to deserve all this? she muses. "Her grandfather had grown tomatoes and potatoes. Her father had studied newts and become a professor of zoology. And for herself, as a result of their labors, the world lay open."

Earlier Drabble characters should have had such problems. In six previous novels the author, 36, created a memorable gallery of oppressed females. To a woman, they were educated and sensitive beyond their stations in life, forced to exist in the shadows of horrendous husbands. Yet feminists have never embraced Drabble as a spokesperson because her heroines too often stumble from orthodoxy. They may leave their husbands—but they cherish their children, refusing to feel demeaned while changing nappies. They eagerly have affairs—but trust that the new men will fill an emptiness in their lives. Coasting through her mid-30s, Frances Wingate has achieved everything that her predecessors lacked.

Unalloyed success is hardly the stuff of gripping adventure, and Drabble wisely does not pretend otherwise. For plot, *The Realms of Gold* offers little

more than the comical attempts of Frances and her professor-lover to reunite after an ill-conceived breakup. The tragedies in the book happen to others. A reclusive old relative of Frances' starves to death in a Midlands cottage; a nephew decides to leave the world he cannot take—and kills his infant daughter as well. Frances does not share this fatal pessimism. But she earnestly wants to know why she has been spared it.

Ideal Society. Frances is intelligent enough to ponder such elemental issues without becoming elementary. She knows that her present state is predicated on the past; her own archaeological work has helped swell the warehouse of history. Yet Frances also recognizes that she and her colleagues are digging for lies: "We seek a utopia in the past, a possible if not ideal society. We seek golden worlds from which we are banished, they recede infinitely, for there never was a golden world, there was never anything but toil and subsistence, cruelty and dullness."

If, as Socrates said, the unexamined life is not worth living, what proof can Frances find that the examined life is any better? Her determination to stare down her own happiness makes Drabble's heroine both amusing and touching, an avatar of all those women in Victorian novels who tried to patch together their own ethical systems during the decline of official morality.

In its intellectual reach, *The Realms of Gold* is an unusually stimulating novel of ideas—and something more. It is

rare entertainment, shuttling brilliantly between sandy African wastes and tidy English villages. Perhaps as well as anyone now writing, Drabble can weave metaphysics into the homespun of daily life. Her characters may casually discuss Freud or chat about the latest research on the effects of heredity and environment. They also throw crockery at each other when angry, drink too much and wish that they could behave more sensibly than they do. At a time when most "adult" entertainment is a series of reductive immorality plays or overfleshed cartoons for the libido, this novel arrives as a glittering exception. It is conceived by an adult mind about adults for adults to read.

Paul Gray

To the Rescue

THE FOUR DAYS OF MAYAGUEZ
by ROY ROWAN
224 pages. Norton. \$7.95.

For some it was the proper reaction. For others it was overreaction. Six months later, the adventure of the *Mayaguez* remains one of the murkiest "rescues" in American naval history. This fresh, immediate account by Roy Rowan, TIME Hong Kong bureau chief, is not likely to alter many opinions, but it manages to put the event in lucid perspective.

The 40 crewmen of the *Mayaguez* did not seem destined for heroism. They were the sort of obscure seadogs found aboard any patched and battered merchant ship. In Rowan's nimble sketch, even the 62-year-old captain, Charles Miller, is not a born leader. Instead, he seems a canny, experienced old salt—the sort whose grace emerges only under pressure. Indeed, when the sailors considered an attempt to overpower their captors, it was Miller who counseled prudence and avoided bloodshed.

There was an air of unreality to much of the episode. The Cambodians giggled and cavorted and had a habit of carelessly leaving their weapons about. They gnawed at apples and oranges but balked at drinking Kool-Aid until Miller downed some to show that it was not poison. Nevertheless, the men on the *Mayaguez* feared that they might be beheaded or shot—or, at a minimum, held hostage for years like the crew of the *Pueblo*, captured by the North Koreans. The greatest immediate danger came from American airmen who were bombing and strafing Cambodian gunboats in an effort to prevent the crew from being taken to the mainland. Unfortunately, the crew had been transferred to one of those boats. Some were wounded by shrapnel in the attacks; all of them were gassed.

Back in Washington, President Ford was determined to take firm enough action to save the crew and to discourage similar captures. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was anxious to prove, after the Saigon evacuation, that the U.S. had

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not lost its will to fight. Thus the White House ordered the Marines to recover the *Mayaguez* and attack Koh Tang, one of the islands in the area. Sterner measures were rejected.

As the world acknowledges, the show of force worked. But the operation proved costly: 18 Marines were killed in action; 23 airmen died in a helicopter crash on their way to the combat zone. The author seems to beg some of the larger questions raised by the rescue: Would the Cambodians have released their prisoners if the U.S. had demonstrated less power? How serious were the Cambodians about holding their captives?

Still, no journalist has treated the four days of the *Mayaguez* with such attention to personal and military detail. His facts, speedily and scrupulously assembled, make a strong, if arguable case for the American response. To Rowan, amid all the ambivalent U.S. operations overseas, the recovery of the *Mayaguez* now appears to be an odd but valid entry in the saga of victory at sea.

Edwin Warner

Notable

LOOK HOW THE FIVE LIVE

by J.F. POWERS

190 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

What does the smile of the native optimist have to do with the groan from the cross? What cement will join a world of plastic to a world of Gothic stone? These are the persistent questions of J.F. Powers (*Morte D'Urban*), with Flannery O'Connor the finest American writer on Catholic themes. Powers' new group of short stories provides no answer, only a cosmic sigh.

The Powers parish of the '60s and '70s has become a beleaguered sanctuary, attacked on one side by the new breed from the seminary. Carrying guitars, speaking at sensitivity sessions, Powers' young priests yearn to say Mass with a beer mug or a coffee cup. They march to a canting faith that "religion (though not perhaps as we know it) is the coming thing," that "the clergy (though not perhaps as we know them) are the coming men." As if the counterculture crusaders were not cross enough for the old guard to bear, ig-

J.F. POWERS



CHAIM POTOK

noramuses and half believers are constantly at work. In one story a bus driver's wife has an old-fashioned vision of Our Lady, more or less transfigured out of a tree. Her reported message to the world: "Keep Minnesota green."

In another tale, a white-haired bishop oversees the construction of a new cathedral. In the process an old cemetery is bulldozed and bones are unearthed and reburied. The final sacrifice is worse: the arch has no keystone—two rocks with a crack between, it seems, constitute the new style.

Occasionally Powers' exasperation and despair overcome him and his control slips. Then he is apt to plant heavy symbols: worms, lilies, a dead dove. But for the rest, he remains the creator of a small miracle: the only man besides John Updike who can write about salvation and damnation in a world rapidly becoming trivialized by loneliness and loss of ardor, a world with an end but no amen.

IN THE BEGINNING

by CHAIM POTOK

454 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

David Lurie is a gentle, sickly, abnormally intelligent child of the '30s, the natural prey of every strep germ and street bully in The Bronx. He is also a born survivor, protected by a warm and lively Orthodox Jewish family, and his narrative's interest turns not so much on whether David will escape his perils as on what he perceives with his wonderfully penetrating gaze. He sees, before anyone teaches him, the letters of two alphabets, Hebrew and English, and the intricate manner in which they relate. He sees his father, first as a vigorous, powerful man, respected by other Polish immigrants as the onetime leader of a guerrilla band in Galicia; then numbed and jobless, battered by the Depression. Finally and most poignantly, he sees the suddenly aged figure as a tired warrior, so embittered by pogroms and concentration camps that he opposes furiously any contact David may have with goyim—even if the non-Jews are biblical scholars. At the novel's end the boy has become a theologian following his own books, not his father's bitterness. The reader is at once unsurprised

and informed, wholly aware of what it must have been like to belong to such a family and such a religion at such a time. Conveying vividly the exact feel of unfamiliar territory is a job almost exclusively performed by journalists. But as Chaim Potok (*The Chosen*) reminds us, the fact that novels can accomplish that task superlatively is one of the reasons why they are still written—and read.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

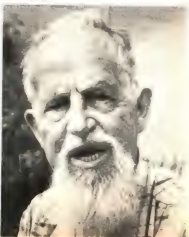
by REX STOUT

152 pages. Viking. \$5.95.

Poirot: deceased. Maigret: retired. Martin Beck: Commander Gideon. Inspector West: gone, all gone with the recent deaths of their creators. Of the old breed, only Nero Wolfe is still doing business at the same old stand, his orchidaceous town house in Manhattan, backed and fronted as always by the ineffable Archie Goodwin. Like his compulent hero, Author Rex Stout, 89, continues to confound the actuarial tables—and his followers. In this latest outing, Stout ups the stakes of the game he plays with readers. Three-quarters of the way through, Narrator Archie realizes the identity of the criminal and concedes, "You probably knew a while back." He is, in his own term, "grandstanding"; even veteran *aficionados* will be hypnotized by this witty, complex mystery. For lagniappe, Stout provides a delicious red herring—the case's tenuous connection to Watergate. Says Wolfe: "I would have given all my orchids—well, most of them—to have [had] an effective hand in the disclosure of the malfeasance of Richard Nixon." He announces that he drafted but did not send a letter to Leon Jaworski, offering his services. Pity the mail never went through. The national agony might have been avoided—well, most of it.

Stout relishes such topical references; they are an octogenarian's way of exhibiting an elastic, contemporary mind. Indeed, a few years after entering his eighth decade he wrote a Jesuit priest friend, signing himself Rex Stout, S.J.—for "still jaunty." So is Wolfe, who this time even goes to jail and gets his license suspended rather than tell the po-

REX STOUT



lice anything about his own highly personal family affair. When the master detective has finally cracked the case, he settles back to "read books, drink beer, discuss food ... logomachize with Archie." He asks a listener, "Shall I iterate and reiterate?" By all means, Mr. Stout. By all means.

Stoic Laureate

In one of his great poems, Wallace Stevens speaks of "musing the obscure." That phrase seems to be the unspoken motto of the Swedish Academy. Last week it again passed over such notables as Vladimir Nabokov, Graham Greene and Saul Bellow to award the Nobel Prize in Literature to Eugenio Montale, 79, an Italian poet virtually unknown to the public outside his native land.

This time, at least, the award appears to be less for political balance than for literary merit. Although Montale's output is meager—five volumes in 50 years—he is greatly valued by connoisseurs. Stephen Spender considers him Italy's greatest living poet, and the academy cited Montale's pessimistic but "indelible feeling for the value of life and the dignity of mankind." Part of this admiration undoubtedly stems from Montale's mastery of the doom-filled Eliotic metaphor ("All our life and all its labors spent/ Are like a man upon a journey sent/ Along a wall that's sheer and steep and endless, dressed/ With bits of broken bottles on its crest"). Part is due to the writer's stoic career. Like an earlier Nobel laureate, Albert Camus, Montale was a bitter anti-Fascist. His quiet refusal to truckle to Mussolini cost him a sinecure as library executive. Throughout World War II he supported himself by translating an astonishing variety of writers, among them Shakespeare, Eugene O'Neill and Dorothy Parker. A childless widower, Montale now lives in Milan, where he contributes literary and music criticism for the daily *Corriere della Sera*. The prize of \$143,000 is unlikely to alter his life or writings. With typical candor, Montale declared last week that the prize has simply made his existence, "which has always been unhappy, a little less unhappy."

EUGENIO MONTALE



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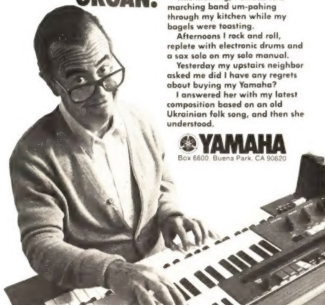
I have a rainbow of sound that I can use to create lional poetry. Just last night, I was a space ship circling over San Francisco. This morning, I awoke to a marching band um-pahing through my kitchen while my bagels were toasting.

Afternoons I rock and roll, replete with electronic drums and a sax solo on my solo manual.

Yesterday my upstairs neighbor asked me did I have any regrets about buying my Yamaha?

I answered her with my latest composition based on an old Ukrainian folk song, and then she understood.

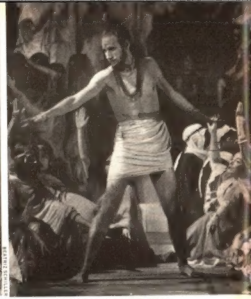
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SCENES FROM "COSMIC MASS" IN NEW YORK: RAMA RECITING, GOD AND MOTHER OF THE WORLD IN FINALE, SHIVA IN WASHING RITUAL

RELIGION

Mish-Mass

"God" is a bearded young man enveloped in a vast billow of golden silk, perched slightly above the "Mother of the World." It is a difficult role. For 90 minutes he sits without flinching a muscle while, on the tiered stage below, rainbow-clad worshippers from the world's five major faiths parade and pray. Jinns bound and archangels glide. Eventually a throng hums, sings and raises its arms to the impassive deity. The Mother of the World has an easier task: undistracted, she wears a blue blindfold throughout the festivities.

This is the "Cosmic Mass," performed last week at New York's Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The show (admission: \$5) was conceived two years ago by Pir ("Elder") Vilayat Inayat Khan, 59, British son of an Indian mystic who founded the Sufi Order in the West (Sufism is the mystical movement within Islam). Pir Vilayat, a well-known guru in the spiritual counterculture, now heads the order, which has practically divorced itself from Islam. The message, one that Pir Vilayat implored his audience to spread, is "the unity of all religions."

Supported by an all-volunteer cast of 200, Pir Vilayat narrated from the high cathedral pulpit as the Sufi choir sang themes from various religions and a small orchestra, complete with conch and sitar, emitted a variety of sounds. The sequence of the performance, if not the message, is borrowed from the Christian Eucharist. In each section, Hindus, Buddhists, Jews, Christians and Muslims are given a turn to express their devotion. As the Mass ends, Pir Vilayat intones: "I am the One I love, there is but One, One in all, All in One." With that, the cast bursts into a romping "Al-

leluia" song and dance, urging the audience to join in.

The result is something of a mish-mass. In the Credo, Moses recites "the Lord is one," but then along comes Rama, the ideal man who himself is worshiped as one of many Hindu gods—exactly the opposite of what Moses had in mind. In the climactic Resurrection scene, Jesus joins Elijah, Mohammed, Buddha and Shiva in ascending the stage's tiers toward God. Yet for Christians (presumably even for New York Episcopalians), Jesus is thought to be part of the Godhead. To Hindus, Shiva the Destroyer-Restorer is one of the greatest of gods. Odd company indeed for Mohammed, a prophet who never considered himself to be more than a mere human. For Americanized Sufis, of course, such matters are rationalist nitpicking.

First Time. The pageant had previously been staged in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston and Chamonix, France. Its New York debut was part of a week-long interreligious festival. Overblown publicity claimed: "For the very first time the spiritual-symbolic leaders of 2.7 billion people are coming to the United States." Not exactly, but those who did appear included the head of the World Fellowship of Buddhists, a Muslim statesman, a Hindu swami, teachers of Zen and India's Jain religion, a Sioux medicine man and a psychic ex-astronaut. The program also offered Shinto, Jewish and Buddhist rituals. At week's end representatives of the major faiths spoke at the United Nations.

The events were sponsored by the Temple of Understanding,* which was

*A Temple fund-raising appeal offers one the title of "Cherub" for giving \$50, "Angel" for \$100, "Guardian Angel" to those giving \$1,000.

founded in 1960 by Connecticut Socialist Judith Hollister and seeks to promote concord among various religions. To that end, it plans to build a "Spiritual United Nations" on an 83-acre site near Washington, D.C. But disunity already looms. Pir Vilayat's own movement has the same idea, and its site is near Paris.

Reform Rites

When America's liberal Reform Jews last revised their prayer book in 1940, the Nazi Holocaust had barely begun and the nation of Israel was only a dream—a dream opposed by many Reform Jews at that. Both realities are vigorously acknowledged in the 799-page *Gates of Prayer: The New Union Prayerbook*, described as the first wholesale revision of Reform liturgy in 80 years (the 1940 version made only modest changes). One new service, "In Remembrance of Jewish Suffering," calls on the rabbi to say: "Exile and oppression, expulsion and ghettos, pogroms and death camps: the agony of our people numbs the mind and turns the heart to stone." Another service includes the words: "May your favor rest upon Israel, her land, her people. Protect her against hatred and war."

In addition the book, edited by Rabbi Chaim Stern of Chappaqua, N.Y., drops "thee" and "thou" in addressing the Deity (only "you" is now used) and downplays expressions like "our fathers," which are now deemed to be sexist. It also incorporates the words of moderns like Alfred North Whitehead and Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel and these lines from William Blake: "It is an easy thing to laugh at wrathful elements./ To hear the dog howl at the wintry door, the ox in the slaughter house moan:/ To see a god on every wind & a blessing on every blast."



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